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No 386

828
P119m

MISCELLANEOUS

WORKS

IN

VERSE and PROSE.

By *Major* RICHARDSON PACK.

In TWO PARTS.

WITH

Some ACCOUNT of the AUTHOR.

------Si quis tamen hæc quoque, si quis
Captus amore leget------ Virgil.

DUBLIN:

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To the HONOURABLE

Coll. *William Stanhope*

His Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary *and* Plenipotentiary *at the Court of* MADRID.

SEVERAL of the Pieces that compose this little Collection have had the good Fortune formerly to please You in private: And You have not, I am perswaded, so much of the Publick Minister to forget an old Acquaintance. Knowing, as I do, the Generosity and Frankness of Your natural

1187.33

Temper, I flatter my ſelf, it will be no diſagreeable Change to You from the formal Compliments, and diſſembled Civilities, that you daily ſee paſs between Courts, to turn your Eyes upon the ſincerer Profeſſions of real Love, and diſintereſted Friendſhip. If I may claim any Degree of Merit as an Author, it is to have writ upon ſcarce any one Subject with which I was not paſſionately affected, and that was not capable in the ſame Manner to affect other People. This too will, I believe, diſtinguiſh the following Tranſlations from the cold and lifeleſs ones that have come from many Hands which have undertaken that Work rather as their Task than their Choice. There is one Part, I own, of the Preſent I take leave to ſend You, the Publication of which may ſeem to want an Excuſe; I mean, the two Letters upon *Study* and *Converſation*. But if every one had the ſame equitable Diſpoſition I can promiſe my ſelf in You, there would be need of no other Apology than what I made in the Beginning of the Firſt Eſſay, where I ſufficiently explained at what Level I aimed;

aimed; who have often, as You know, (for to a Friend one would own the Truth) had Occaſion for a Guide, as much as any of my Neighbours. Theſe Sketches were drawn at the Requeſt, and for the ſole Uſe of an excellent Youth whom You knew, and loved: (For who could know him without loving him?) He ſoon, indeed, out-grew any Inſtructions I could pretend to ſuggeſt to him; and, had he lived, might have given, in himſelf, the brighteſt Example. The Value he ſet upon them, makes me think they may not be entirely uſeleſs, at leaſt to the younger Claſs of Readers; for which Reaſon they have taken their Place among the reſt of theſe Papers. What Fate may attend this *Miſcellany* in Print, I am not able to judge; but the Reception it hath found in Manuſcript from ſome of the firſt Rank in both Sexes, gives me a Confidence that every peeviſh Critick will not have Credit enough to put it out of Countenance. I am in no Pain upon that Account; but it is with a great deal of Pleaſure that I have now a publick Occaſion, to make known to the World,

the perfect Esteem I have always had for Your Person, and my grateful Resentments of the many Favours with which You have distinguished me; and, at the same time, to assure You of my warmest Wishes, that You may meet with all the Success that Courage, Integrity, Honour, and good Sense can merit.

I am, with the greatest Respect, and with equal Reason,

SIR,

Your most Obliged,

most Faithful, and

most Humble Servant,

London,
June 23. 1718.

Richardson Pack.

Some ACCOUNT of the

AUTHOR.

THIS Gentleman is the Son of *John Pack*, of *Stoke-Aſh*, in *Suffolk*, Eſq; who in the Year 1697. was High Sheriff of that County. His Mother was one of the Daughters and Co-heirs of Mr. *Robert Richardſon*, of *Tudah* in the County Palatine of *Durham*, a Gentleman of good Extraction, and well ally'd in the North of *England*. The firſt Taſte that was given him of Letters (after he had been kept a Year or two, but much to his Prejudice with a Country Schoolmaſter) was at *Merchant-Taylors* School. From thence he was remov'd, between fifteen and ſixteen Years of Age, to St. *John*'s Colledge in *Oxford*. About Eighteen his Father enter'd him of the *Middle-Temple*, and fix'd him in Chambers there, deſigning him for the Profeſſion of the Law: And by the peculiar Grace of the Treaſurer and Benchers of that honourable Society, he was at eight Terms ſtanding, admitted Barriſter, when he was little more than twenty Years old. But a ſedentary Life agreeing as ill with his Health, as a formal one ſuited at that time with his Inclinations, he did not long purſue thoſe Studies; and after ſome little

rambling in his Thoughts, he at length determin'd his view to the Army, where he flatter'd himſelf to meet with Scenes of more Freedom as well as Action. His firſt Command was that a Company of Foot, in *March* 1705. In *November* 1710, the Regiment in which he ſerv'd, was one of thoſe of two *Engliſh* Foot that were with the Marſhal *Staremberg*, at the Battle of *Villa Vicioſa*, the Day after General *Stanhope* and the Troops under his Command were taken at *Brighuega*; where the Major being kill'd and he the eldeſt Captain, and upon the ſpot, his Grace the Duke of *Argyll* confirm'd his Pretenſions to that Vacancy, by his Commiſſion, immediately on his arrival in *Spain*. It was that Occaſion which firſt introduc'd our Author to the good Fortune of being known to that truly Noble and Excellent Perſon, with whoſe Protection and Patronage he has ever ſince been honoured. The Ambition he had to celebrate his Heroic Vertues, at a time when it was grown popular to traduce them, and his Deſire of expreſſing in ſome meaſure his Gratitude for the many Marks he had receiv'd of his Grace's Favour, gave Birth to the beſt of his Performances he has oblig'd the World with. And the reſt of his Pieces he has writ in Verſe, are for the moſt part the unlabour'd Reſult of Friendſhip or Love, and the Amuſement of thoſe few ſolitary Intervals, in a Life, that ſeldom wanted either ſerious Buſineſs, or ſocial Pleaſures, of one kind or other, entirely to fill up the Circle. They are all publiſh'd in this Volume. And tho' very lately Printed, they have already ſold two Impreſſions in *London*.

TO

Major PACK,

UPON

Reading his POEMS.

SWay'd by the vulgar Tide (forgive the Wrong)
I thought before I heard your pow'rful Song,
In noiſy War the Muse's Voice was mute,
Nor hop'd to find the Trumpet near the Lute.
But now I ſee, from thy melodious Lays,
The Laurel well may mingle with the Bays;
The Warrior's Oak may tremble on the Creſt,
And yet the Lover's Myrtle ſhade the Breaſt.

Minerva thus in *Homer*'s Camp is ſeen,
Now the Maid threatens with a warlike Mein;

Now

To Major PACK, *upon Reading his* POEMS.

Now in ſoft Words perſwades the giddy Throng,
And melts in Muſick on *Ulyſſes'* Tongue.
So on the Boſom of the *Thames* unite
The Fruits of gentle Peace, and Pomp of Fight.
Here breathe the ſpicy Gums from *India*'s Shores,
In Thunder there the Royal Navy roars.

May *Britain* never want ſuch Sons as You,
To fight her Battles, and record them too.
Tyrtæus ſo led *Sparta*'s Soldiers on,
Then ſung the Trophies which himſelf had won.
Be this thy double Praiſe; while we commend
The Wars you write, the Freedom you defend.

G. SEWELL.

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Quarter-Maſter Blachford Wynne, in the Right Hon. Gen. *Wynne*'s Reg. of Horſe.
Mr. Alexander Weekes.
Mr. James Wills.
Mr. Michael Wills.

ORIGINAL POEMS

AND

TRANSLATIONS.

ELEGY.

SYLVIA to AMINTOR.

Excute Virgineo conceptas Pectore flammas,
Si potes, infelix. Si Poſſem, ſanior eſſem.
At trahit invitam nova vis; aliudque cupido,
Mens aliud ſuadet. Video meliora, proboque,
Deteriora ſequor.--------OVID.

BEhold, *Amintor*, an abandon'd Maid,
By Love and You to Miſery betray'd!
With tend'reſt Vows, and fond bewitching [Art,
You preſs'd on ev'ry ſide, my eaſy Heart;

Till, having thrown the weak Intrenchments down,
You plunder'd firſt, then left the naked Town.
Was it for this I all the World forſook,
And in your Arms my wiſh'd *Aſylum* took:
To be, like ſome cheap Flower, unkindly torn
From my fix'd Root, then flung away in Scorn?
Ill-fated Paſſion! oh unequal Lot!
So long purſu'd, am I ſo ſoon forgot?
Sure all our Sex are born to ſuffer Pain,
Either from Falſhood, or from cold Diſdain.
When old, or ugly, Men our Faces ſhun:
If young and handſome, we're too oft undone.

Ye happier Virgins, whoſe unblemiſh'd Fame
Has ne'er been ſullied by the guilty Flame;
By my Example warn'd, avoid with Care
All cloſe Engagements in Love's fatal War!
Tho' long uninjur'd you maintain the Fight,
You'll find your only Safety's in your Flight.
The Foe all Stratagems and Methods tries:
Who Force eſcape, are taken by Surprize.
On Wings of Down his treach'rous Arrows fly;
Ah! guard each Avenue, or elſe you die.
Truſt not the ſlight Defence of Female Pride,
Nor in your boaſted Honour much confide.

So

So ſtill the Motion, and ſo ſmooth the Dart,
It ſtole unfelt into my heedleſs Heart.
The ſubtle Poiſon lurk'd a while conceal'd:
But ſoon the Symptoms the Diſeaſe reveal'd.
A ſad afflictive melancholy Pain
Throbb'd at my Breaſt, and beat in ev'ry Vein.
My heaving Boſom ſwell'd with ſudden Sighs,
And Tears unbidden trickled from my Eyes.
In reſtleſs Fervours languiſhing I lay,
Dreaming all Night, and raving all the Day.
Yet this, methinks, with Eaſe I could ſuſtain,
Abjure my Freedom, and embrace my Chain;
Would but *Amintor* one kind Look beſtow
To ſooth my Grief, and mitigate my Woe.
One flatt'ring Smile would ſcatter all my Fears,
As Shadows vaniſh when the Sun appears.
So, if the Weight of ſome unfriendly Storm
Cruſh the pale *Hyacinth*, his Charms deform,
He hangs his Head, and ſeems awhile to mourn,
Till the bright Ruler of the Day return:
But ſoon as e'er he feels his genial Fire,
With kindly Warmth his tender Leaves inſpire;
Strait he revives with the ſame purple Grace;
And the chill Dews no longer cloud his Face,
But, ah! This Image no Reſemblance bears,
Amintor ſtill is falſe, and *Sylvia* ſtill deſpairs.

Like ſome miſguided Traveller that ſtrays
Through pathleſs Woods, and unfrequented Ways,
My Soul, deluded from her native Seat,
Finds no kind Shelter, no ſecure Retreat.
Safe while I follow'd Virtue's ſteady Light:
Depriv'd of that, I'm left in endleſs Night.
What ſhall I do? Ah, whither ſhall I turn?
In lawleſs Fires muſt I for ever burn?
Nor Peace, nor Innocence again return?
Ah no! All other Ills ſome Cure may find;
But there's no Med'cine for a Love-ſick Mind.
Death only can my mortal Anguiſh end,
And Nature's Enemy muſt be my Friend.
Ungen'rous Lord, from whom thy wretched Slave
Flies for Relief to the relentleſs Grave!
But when my Aſhes in their Urn are laid,
Who ſcorn'd me living, will lament me dead.
My Suff'rings cannot fail at length to move
Your Mind to Pity, though averſe to Love.

AMINTOR

AMINTOR *to* SYLVIA.

UNjuſtly, *Sylvia*, you my Coldneſs blame:
I wiſh, my Dear, that I were ſtill the ſame.
But Nature ſeconds not my fond Deſires;
The Oil once ſpent, o'courſe the Lamp expires.
Love's Food is lufcious, and too apt to fill;
And 'tis the Devil to eat againſt one's Will.
Your wanton *Cupid*'s an inſatiate Gueſt,
And thinks that ev'ry Meal muſt be a Feaſt.
I play'd my Part as ably as I cou'd;
But thou'rt, i'faith, too hard for Fleſh and Blood.
Have Conſcience, Fair One, and the *Vanquiſh'd* ſpare;
Grant a ſhort Truce---- divert awhile the War----
Draw off your Forces from a ravag'd Land,
And ſeek ſome wealthier Province to command.
Nor live inglorioufly a vulgar Name,
Content at one poor Stream to ſlake your Flame.
Who, like the glorious Ruler of the Day,
Demands, to quench your Fires, at leaſt a Sea.
Your Beauty too ſhould, like his Beams deſign'd
A gen'ral Good, be to no one confin'd.
Conceal not then the Luſtre of your Charms;
Open to all the Heaven within your Arms,

Mankind for this alone the Gods adore,
Becauſe their Bounty's equal to their Pow'r.

Writ at SEA *in* 1709, *to a Friend on Board the Admiral.*

TO you, dear *Cotton*, who on Board
Have all that Land, or Seas afford,
And, if you pleaſe, in Fortune's Spight,
May laugh from Morning until Night;
Poor *Pack* in doleful Cabbin ſhut,
No bigger than the Cynick's Hut,
Makes bold to ſend this homely Greeting,
Hoping, e'er long, a happy meeting.

The Moon has thrice renew'd her Prime,
(Aid me, ſome friendly Muſe, with Rhime!)
Since firſt our Redcoats and their Trulls,
Were ſtow'd on Board theſe rotten Hulls;
Where we, condemn'd to Dirt and Fleas,
Live, God knows, little at our Eaſe,
For all we're cramm'd with Pork and Peaſe.
Oft have I wiſh'd the Coxcomb damn'd,
Who weary of his native Land,

First

Firſt fell'd for Maſts the Mountain Pine,
And ſpoil'd good honeſt Beef with Brine.
'Tis true, whilſt we indulg'd in Claret,
I made ſome kind o' Shift to bear it.
But what Defence againſt the *Hip*-----
Now we're reduc'd from Wine to *Flip?*
Nay more, I fear I ſhall e'er long
Have neither Liquor ſmall or ſtrong,
To quench my Thirſt, or cool my Tongue.
Unleſs, my Dear, I can prevail,
With you to beg, or elſe----- to ſteal,
A dozen or two of Wine or Ale.
May you ſucceed! And ſo farewel.

To JOHN CREED *of* Oundle *in* Northamptonſhire, *Eſq;*

Mombrio in *Catalonia*, Oct. 9. 1709.

WHile you, dear *Creed*, ſecure at Land,
Enjoy your Fortune at Command;
And, careleſs of the Wind and Tide,
Anchor'd at *Oundle* ſafely ride:
I have been rowling on the Ocean,
Sick as I'd taken Pill or Potion.

Coup'd up within a narrow Cabbin,
(Grave as a Monk, or ancient Rabbin)
I led a Life ſo odd and lazy,
By *Jove* it almoſt made me crazy.
Inſtead of Men of Converſation,
Mix'd with a *Wapping* Generation,
The Filth and Scum of all the Nation,
Rogues without Souls, or other Fire,
Than what their Brandy did inſpire;
I guzled Flip, or viler Liquor,
And drank and ſmoak'd like Country Vicar.
But, Thanks to Heav'n, that Plague is o'er;
And I'm got ſafe again a Shore;
Where, free from Sickneſs, and from Sorrow,
I'll live to-day, and---- hang to-morrow,
For I'm the ſame as heretofore;
Juſt as Extravagant and Poor:
Reſolv'd to ſpend the utmoſt Farthing;
And ne'er increaſe my Pelf by ſtarving:
But freely feed my genial Fire,
Indulge each elegant Deſire,
While Wit, and Mirth, and gen'rous Wine,
Shall all their happy Forces join,
To ſoften the rough Scene of War,
And find a Charm for ev'ry Care.

Had I been turn'd for Ways of thriving,
(As my grave Father was contriving)
E'er this you might have heard me bawl
At *Weſtminſter*, or *Hicks*'s-*Hall*:
I, at the *Temple* had been plodding,
Inſtead of plund'ring and marauding.
But 'tis in vain to force the Mind,
Which way ſoever 'tis inclin'd:
Elſe I ſhould never ſpend my Time in
This trifling dogrel Vein of Rhiming,
But in plain Proſe, and better Senſe
Tell you what News there is from hence.

Our preſent Theatre of War
Lies chiefly here among the Fair:
How to ſubdue the Ladies Hearts;
And manage *Cupid*'s pointed Darts.
Each Cavalier attacks his Dame,
And all our little Camp's in Flame.
The *Spaniards*, to their Coſt, may feel
Our Eyes are fatal as our Steel.
F---e's who, by Nature form'd for Love,
Alike does both the Sexes move,
With am'rous Airs and wanton Glances,
Tickles the young *Sennora*'s Fancies,

Whilſt I, who turn'd of ſix and twenty,
Find *Venus'* Treaſure not ſo plenty,
With more Succeſs, and better Grace
Supply the abſent Chaplain's Place;
Admoniſh Youth to fly from Vice,
Abſtain from Whoring, Cards, and Dice,
And, like an orthodox Divine,
Damn all Men's Sins, yet ſtick to mine.

I riſe each Day by Morning-Peep,
(For Hunger will not let me ſleep)
Then in fat Chocolate I riot,
To bribe my Stomach to be quiet.
At Noon I twiſt at ſuch a Rate,
'Twould do you good to ſee me eat.
The Prieſts, who find me always cramming,
Pray againſt Hereſy and Famine.
But how ſhould Men be ſtout and warlike,
Who feed on nought but Fiſh and Garlick,
'Tis Beef and Pork ſupport the War,
And not their Faſting, nor their Pray'r.

When cooler Thoughts by Chance prevail,
Sometimes from Company I ſteal,
With *Horace*, *Virgil*, and *Tibullus*,
Or that moſt pleaſant Droll *Catullus*,

In

In private I enjoy the Night,
And reap both Profit and Delight.

Thus in a merry idle Scene,
I make a Shift to ſteer between
Th' Extremes of Folly, or of Vice,
And hope in time I may grow wiſe:
Then worn a little of my Mettle,
I'll e'en go Home, and wive, and ſettle.

A PASTORAL.

In Imitation of VIRGIL's IId. *Eclogue.*

YOung *Corydon*, a poor inamour'd Swain,
The fair *Miranda* lov'd, but lov'd in vain.
With Gifts he brib'd her; and with Songs he ſtrove
To tune her Heart to the ſoft Notes of Love.
But ſtill ſucceſsleſs the fond Shepherd woo'd:
The Wanton faſter fled, the more purſu'd.

With Grief and Shame, and hot Deſire he preſs'd,
(Tyrants that rul'd by Turns within his Breaſt.)
Penſive and ſad he ſought the ſilent Grove;
And thus in artleſs Numbers mourn'd his Love.

Ungrateful

Ungrateful Nymph, and oh too rudely coy!
Thy fierce Unkindneſs will my Life deſtroy.
No Tongue can ſpeak the Torments I endure;
So deep the Wound that I deſpair of Cure.
Fool that I am, on certain Fate to run,
And court the Miſchief that I ought to ſhun!
The Flocks and Herds oppreſs'd with ſultry Heat,
To the thick Shades, and cooling Springs retreat;
And the green Lizard, and the painted Snake
Find a kind Refuge in ſome neighb'ring Brake.
But where, alas! can wretched I retire?
No Shades can cool, no Streams can quench my Fire.
Careleſs and unconcern'd I could have born
Dorinda's Hate, or *Sachariſſa*'s Scorn.
Thoſe vulgar Beauties ſcarce our Paſſions move:
But you inſpire me with the Rage of Love,
Yet know, fond Maid, tho' ſo divinely fair,
That with'ring Time will all thy Charms impair.
How gay the Lilly, and how ſweet the Roſe,
When the young Months their Virgin Bloom diſ-
But ſoon as e'er they feel the chilling Froſt, [cloſe!
Their Leaves are blaſted, and their Odours loſt.
Conſider Beauty will not always laſt,
Then lay out ev'ry happy Hour in haſte.
That lovely Face proclaims a gentler Mind:
The God who form'd you fair, deſign'd you kind.

Return,

Return, dear Fugitive, return again;
And bleſs, at laſt, thy much-enduring Swain.
Regard your Lover with impartial Eyes;
And ſee that Wealth, which you unknown deſpiſe.
Here mantling Vines the riſing Hills adorn,
There the glad Vallies ſmile with rip'ning Corn.
My num'rous Flocks o'er-ſpread the flow'ry Plains,
And I'm the Envy of my Fellow Swains.
Content already with my preſent Store,
For your Sake only I could wiſh for more.
Secure and happy in yon little Cell,
Like *Sylvan* Gods we might together dwell.
With chearful Hounds we'd riſe by Morning Dawn
To courſe the Hare, or chaſe the nimble Fawn.
In rural Sports, and harmleſs wanton Play,
Unmark'd the ſwift-wing'd Hours would glide away.
No buſy Cares ſhou'd our ſoft Thoughts annoy,
But all our Life be Gentleneſs and Joy.
Ah *Coridon!* thy airy Hopes reſtrain,
Nor feaſt with flatt'ring Dreams thy Mind in vain.
Int'reſt, you ſee, prevails o'er all Mankind;
And Gold ſo *dazzles*, that it makes *Love* blind.
Thy wealthier Rival, tho' deform'd and old,
Does thy Heart's Darling from thy Arms withhold.
Go, prune thy Vines, or tend thy woolly Care;
Nor waſte thy Youth in Mourning and Deſpair.

Let

Let no falſe Raptures diſcompoſe thy Mind,
Forget the Cruel, and embrace the Kind.

The Praiſe of SULPITIA.

From TIBULLUS, Book IV. Eleg. II.

FOrſake, great God of War! thy native Skies,
A brighter Heaven is in *Sulpitia*'s Eyes.
To grace thy Feſtival, behold her dreſt
In all the ſhining Glories of the *Eaſt*.
On the ſoft Pomp indulge thy raviſh'd Sight,
Nor fear leſt *Venus* grudge the chaſte Delight.
But, thou impetuous Warrior well beware;
Thy Arms will ſcarce defend me from the Fair.
When *Cupid* would ſome am'rous God inflame,
He ſteals his Fire from this celeſtial Dame.
The chearful *Graces*, and the ſportive *Loves*,
Attend the beauteous Maid, where'er ſhe moves:
With ſecret Harmony each Act compoſe,
And give a happy Turn to all ſhe does.
Whether in artful Pleats ſhe brades her Hair,
Or lets it looſely wanton in the Air:
Whether with purple Pride ſhe robes her Veſt,
Or neatly plain ſeems negligently dreſt:

Alike

Alike there does through ev'ry Manner ſhine,
A Grace peculiar, and a Form divine.
Vertumnus ſo a thouſand Dreſſes wears,
And charming ſtill in all the youthful God appears.
This matchleſs Fair is worthy to enjoy
Whatever Art, or Nature can ſupply.
For her the *Tyrian* ſhou'd employ his Care,
For her alone the coſtly Fleece prepare.
For her the Sun in bleſs'd *Arabia*'s Soil,
Shall ripen Gums, and Incenſe, Spice, and Oil.
For her both *Indies* ſhall their Treaſures bring:
For her our Roſes blow, our Violets ſpring.
For her the Muſes ſhall young Bards inſpire;
For her *Apollo* tune his vocal Lyre.
Unnumber'd Years may ſhe their Toil prolong,
No nobler Subject can adorn their Song.

To D. C. *when very* YOUNG.

IF to be gay, well-humour'd, witty,
Youthful, agreeable, and pretty,
Attracts the Eye, and wins the Mind;
Then what Reſiſtance can you find,
Whom Heaven has form'd with ev'ry Grace,
A ſprightly Soul, an Angel's Face?

Yet

Yet ſhall I, gentle Boy, impart,
What Kindneſs dictates from my Heart.
Something there is that's ſtill requir'd,
To make my *Campbell* more admir'd.
Nature but half the Work has done;
Art muſt compleat what ſhe begun.
The richeſt Oar has ſome Allay,
'Till Labour does the Maſs refine;
The Fire muſt purge the Droſs away,
E'er the intrinſick Bullion ſhine.
So you by Study, Obſervation,
Uſeful and well-bred Converſation,
Muſt dreſs your Mind, correct your Taſte,
And give your Thoughts a juſter Caſt:
Muſt poliſh the rough Draught of Nature;
Re-touch, and ſoften ev'ry Feature:
Set in true Light, each *Trait* will ſhine,
And the whole Piece will look divine.
A Genius like to yours ſhou'd aim,
To merit more than common Fame;
Shou'd ſtrive in all Things to excel;
In judging right, and acting well:
Ambitious ſtill to pleaſe the Beſt,
Deſpiſing all the vulgar reſt.
Think not, I mean by this Advice,
To cenſure Pleaſure as a Vice.

My

My Lyre to ſofter Notes is ſtrung.——
I laugh at thoſe myſterious Fools,
Who live inſlav'd to former Rules,
And under a conſtrain'd Diſguiſe,
By looking grave wou'd paſs for wiſe.
Reaſon tho' ſhe forbids Exceſs,
Yet blames Severity no leſs.
She, like a *Maid*, our Fancy warms
With modeſt, but obliging Charms:
With decent Pride diſdains to tread
The Paths that to Diſhonour lead:
But ſafe from Danger, far from Noiſe,
Revels in ſilent real Joys;
Such as true Friendſhip does inſpire,
Or Love's more active nobler Fire.

The third ELEGY *of the third* BOOK *of* TIBULLUS.

Quid poteſt cœlum votis impleſſe Neæra?
Blandaque cum multâ thura dediſſe prece?

WHY to the Gods do I my Vows repeat?
With Incenſe bribe them, and with Pray'r
Is it, *Neæra*, that thou may'ſt behold [intreat?
Me tread on Marble under Roofs of Gold?
That *Bacchus* would a joyful Vintage yield?
Or *Ceres* crown the Labours of the Field?
No, (only Bleſſing!) 'tis for thy Return,
The ſacred Fires on ev'ry Altar burn.
In thy Embraces let me happy live,
'Tis all that I would ask, or Heav'n can give:
There to reſign my lateſt Gaſp of Breath,
Claſp'd in my Arms, when ſeiz'd by thoſe of Death.
Not Heaps of treaſur'd Gold allure my Eye;
The *Phrygian* Column, or the *Tyrian* Dye;
Not awful Bow'rs, like ſacred * Groves deſign'd,
That ſtrike religious Rev'rence on the Mind;

* A great Part of the *religious Service* of the *Ancients* was performed in *Groves* dedicated to their *peculiar Divinities*.

Not

Not all the Pomp that gazing Crowds admire,
The gawdy Equipage; and rich Attire:
Theſe Envy raiſe. Nor can the lab'ring Mind
Aſſur'd Repoſe in their Poſſeſſion find.
Fortune, who governs with deſpotick Sway,
Reſumes to-morrow, what ſhe gave to-day.
Poor be my Lot! Inglorious be my State!
Bleſs'd with thy Preſence, I'll abſolve my Fate.
But if thy Abſence I muſt ſtill bemoan,
What Gift of Life can for the Loſs atone?
The Wealth of Kings would be too mean a Price;
On Crowns leſs Splendor waits than on thy Eyes.
Pride and Ambition vulgar Souls may fire,
But Love's the Empire to which I aſpire.
Saturnian Juno! hear thy Suppliant's Pray'r,
And thou, O *Venus!* aid a Lover's Care.
Haſten the happy and the welcome Day,
That ſhall *Neæra* to my Arms convey.
Or, if the Fates averſe with ſullen Pride,
Mock my fond Paſſion, and my Hopes deride;
Deep let me drink of the *Lethæan* Wave,
And dark Oblivion hide me in the Grave.

The twelfth ELEGY *of the ſecond* BOOK *of* PROPERTIUS.

Quicunque ille fuit, Puerum qui pinxit Amorem,
Nonne putas miras hunc habuiſſe manus?

WHo firſt drew *Cupid* a young Boy, and blind,
With Skill, no doubt, the moral Piece de-
He ſaw how Lovers with fond childiſh Play [ſign'd.
Laviſh in idle Cares their Hours away.
His airy Wings the Artiſt too expreſt,
Flutt'ring in wanton Sport from Breaſt to Breaſt.
(For ſo our Hopes no conſtant Meaſures know,
And Tides of Joy alternate ebb and flow;)
And arm'd his little Hands with pointed Darts,
To ſhew his Tyranny o'er human Hearts.
With fatal Certainty he draws his Bow,
And unobſerv'd directs the ſilent Blow.
Too well I kenn how each fell Arrows ſtings;
But ſure the Wanderer has loſt his Wings:
For ſettled here, he rages in my Breaſt,
And my poor wearied Soul can find no Reſt.
Ah ceaſe a wretched Spectre to invade!
Attack ſome blooming Youth, or haughty Maid:

Me.

Me thy old Servant, and thy Poet ſpare;
Elſe who ſhall ſing the Triumphs of thy War?
My Muſe oppreſs'd, now ſcarce one Note can raiſe;
Reſtore my Liberty, I'll ſound thy Praiſe.
I will deſcribe thy *Cynthia*'s Air and Mien,
Thoſe Eyes, that Shape, that Grace in Motion ſeen.
Harmonious Beauty ſhall my Song inſpire;
And Love's *bright Torch ſhall ſet the World on Fire.*

* * * \

Come, ſacred Sire! and bring each pow'rful Juice,
Each pow'rful Sound thy * double Skill can chuſe.
Nor wound the *Youth* who mourns her doubtful State,
And with unnumber'd Vows wou'd bribe her Fate.
One while he prays: Anon, if ſhe complains,
Diſtracted he blaſphemes, and Heaven araigns.
But fear no Foes, *Cerinthus*, from above:
The Gods will all befriend the Cauſe of Love.
Weep then no more; thy Tears were only due,
Were ſhe grown cold, indiff'rent, or untrue:
But well thou know'ſt, for thee alone ſhe lives;
Nor minds th'officious Crowd beſides that grieves.
Propitious *Phœbus!* Show'r thy Bleſſings down:
Preſerve two Lovers Lives in ſaving one.
So, when the grateful Pair their Praiſe ſhall join,
And hand in hand approach thy hallow'd Shrine,
The thronging *Sanctities* of Heaven ſhall own,
No Arts worth envying but thine alone.

* *Apollo* was the God of *Muſick* and of *Medicine*.

To my dear FRIEND, *Captain* DAVID CAMPBELL.

Cividadella in *Minorca*, Nov. 1712.

Writ upon the Reduction *of ſome* Regiments *in that* Iſland, *where, by the* ſingular Humanity *of the* Miniſtry, *the* Officers *were detained upon* Half-Pay, *when they could ſcarce live, with* Decency, *upon* Whole.

WHen *Campbell*, on the Banks of *Thames*,
Mixt with the *Beaus* and ſhining *Dames*,
The ſweet Variety you prove
Of Wit, and Wine, and happy Love;
Reflect a little on this Scene,
The Seat of Poverty and Spleen;
And while gay Pleaſure fills your Mind,
Pity thoſe Friends you left behind,
Who, baniſh'd from the Fair and Young,
Muſt live unbleſt, and dye unſung.

In vain kind Nature would employ
Her baffled Aid to give me Joy:
In vain each Pulſe proclaims aloud,
The gen'rous Fire that warms my Blood:

To

To Rocks, alas! or deſart Plains,
(Far from the Nymphs and tuneful Swains)
Confin'd, I mourn my Vigor loſt,
By Love forſook, by Fortune croſt.
No verdant Beauty cheers my Sight;
No feather'd Choirs my Ear delight;
No *Park*, nor *Play*, nor fond Amour,
Amuſe one tedious loneſome Hour;
But the ſame Round ſtill wears away,
In Sleep the Night, in Sloth the Day.

How partial is the Hand of Fate!
Who roul in Wealth, and ride in State!
See we not ſome, like Inſects born,
Our Sex' Diſgrace, the other's Scorn,
Yet favour'd by capricious Chance,
By Springs unſeen their Steps advance;
Mount to the Top of Fortune's Wheel,
Made happy ev'n againſt their Will?
While the brave Youth, whoſe Counſels aim
By virtuous Acts to merit Fame,
In fruitleſs Toils conſumes his Days,
And neither meets Reward or Praiſe.
Others, whom Beauty's Pow'r controuls,
Form'd with ſoft-impaſſion'd Souls,
(And oh my Heart is tend'rer far
Than Sighs of pitying Virgins are)

Addreſs

Addreſs in vain the cruel Boy;
Feel all his Pains, nor taſte the Joy.
The Gods of their own Bliſs ſecure,
Neglect the Ills which we endure.

If all our Piety's not vain;
If long Intreaty Heav'n can gain;
E'er yet my Noon of Life be paſt,
E'er gath'ring Clouds my Sun o'ercaſt,
Let me, ye Pow'rs! ſucceſsful prove
In my Ambition, and my Love.
My active, reſtleſs, fiery Mind,
Can ill ſubmit to be confin'd:
Urg'd by Deſires perhaps too great,
I fain, methinks, would tempt my Fate:
But if the Spear, and cumb'rous Shield
Too weighty are for me to wield;
If ſhut out from the Liſts of Fame,
I'm doom'd to live without a Name:
Grant me, at leaſt, this one Requeſt,
(And that, alone, will make me bleſt)
Redeem me from a long Deſpair,
And make my Charmer kind as fair.

To his Grace the Duke of ARGYLL.

Port-Mahon, Jan. 1ſt. 1713.

ARGYLL, deriv'd from Royal Blood,
My ſureſt Guard, my ſweeteſt Good;
O that inſpir'd with happy Skill,
And Force proportion'd to my Zeal,
In laſting Verſe I cou'd proclaim
Thy matchleſs Worth, thy growing Fame!
Like thee ſhould be my num'rous Song,
Exact yet eaſy, ſmooth tho' ſtrong.
But the ſmall Genius I could boaſt,
Shipwreck'd on this dull Shore, is loſt.
My baniſh'd melancholy Muſe,
Condemn'd to live a poor Recluſe,
Mourns her neglected Charms decay'd,
And moults her Wings, and droops her Head.

When *Horace* by the *Tyber*'s Flood
Sung young *Auguſtus*, great and good,
His chearful Hours with Pleaſure fraught,
Enlarg'd his Soul, and tun'd his Thought.
Gay od'rous Flow'rs his Temples crown'd;
The Loves and Graces play'd around;

The

The purple *Chian* flush'd his Wit;
He laugh'd, he lov'd, he sung, he writ.
Th' immortal Offspring of his Lyre,
Conceiv'd in Energy and Fire,
Still triumphs over Age and Time,
Beautiful, noble and sublime!

So, if my lucky Star would smile,
If landed on the *British* Isle,
Within some little snug Retreat,
At length I could my Wishes meet;
On *Thames'* fair Banks supinely laid,
Beneath a spreading Poplar's Shade,
By no uneasy Passions press'd,
(Which now in Crowds insult my Breast)
Tho' far unequal to his Strain,
I might not sing perhaps in vain.
Smit with Ambition of thy Praise,
I'd strive my feeble Notes to raise.
Thy Sight new Vigour wou'd infuse;
The Hero is the Poet's Muse.
Not the shrill *Lark*, when Morn does spring,
Should higher soar, or sweeter sing.
The list'ning Groves should bless my Choice,
And Echo learn to speak my Voice.

This Merit I'll, however, claim,
To love, tho' not adorn thy Name.

Upon Religious SOLITUDE.

Occaſioned by reading the Inſcription on the Tomb of Caſimir *King of* Poland, *who abdicated his Crown, and ſpent the Remainder of his Days in the Abbey of St.* Germain's *at* Paris, *where he lyes interred.*

MAN, fooliſh Man! made wretched by his (Will,
Conſcious of Good, yet ſtill declines to Ill.
Reaſon in vain directs our wand'ring Choice:
Each Paſſion turns us with her Syren Voice.
Through airy Viſions (giddy with the Round)
Our Fancy leads us o'er inchanted Ground,
Till tir'd at length with Change, and out of Breath,
We cloſe the Scene, and ſhut up all in Death.

But ah! how bleſs'd are they, and only they,
Who Nature's wiſe Inſtructions can obey:
Who within Bounds their Appetites confine;
Nor drink too deep of Pleaſure's heady Wine:
Who free from Buſ'neſs too the Leiſure find
To dreſs the little Garden of their Mind.

That

That grateful Tillage beſt rewards our Pains:
Sweet is the Labour, certain are the Gains.
The riſing Harveſt never mocks our Toil,
Secure of Fruit, if we manure the Soil.

Cities and Courts, with falſe Allurements bright,
Miſlead the Judgment by their dazzling Light.
Our Envy ſometimes we on thoſe beſtow,
Whom we our Pity rather ſhould allow.
Gay Looks too oft the ſadned Heart belie;
And the loud Laugh is follow'd by a Sigh.
Not all the Charms of the luxurious Eaſt,
Can quell the Tumults of a troubled Breaſt.
Muſick and Wine in vain exert their Pow'r:
The Muſick grates our Ears, the Wine turns ſow'r.
Nor Beauty Love, nor Wit can Mirth excite;
Dull lags the Day, and joyleſs is the Night.

Ye bold Diſturbers of Mankind be warn'd!
Dear coſts the Glory, which your Guilt has earn'd.
Fortune, awhile, deceitfully may ſmile,
And with ſmooth Hopes your ſecret Fears beguile;
But Horror will ſucceed, and dire Remorſe----
Nor Strength can check, nor Skill elude their Force,
They board the three-deck'd Ship, and back the [Warrior-Horſe.

Greatneſs, at beſt, when by juſt Arts purſu'd,
Is but a partial and unequal Good.
Thoſe needful Cares that do the Throne ſecure,
Give Princes Pains which Peaſants ne'er endure.
Sick of this Evil, CASIMIR retir'd,
And gave the Kingdom back his Arms acquir'd.
He ſaw the tempting Luſtre of a Crown;
But felt its Weight, and laid the Burthen down.
Pride, Cruelty, Contempt of ſacred Things,
(The uſual Miniſters of conqu'ring Kings)
Baniſh'd by him, to grace his future Reign,
Faith, Hope, and Charity were all his Train.

Hail, gentle Piety! (unmingled Joy!)
Whoſe Fulneſs ſatisfies, but ne'er can cloy:
Spread thy ſoft Wings o'er my devoted Breaſt,
And ſettle there, an everlaſting Gueſt!
Not cooling Breezes to the languid Swain,
To Winter Sunſhine, or to Summer Rain;
To ſinking Mariners the friendly Hand,
That bears 'em up, and guides 'em ſafe to Land;
Bring half the Comfort, or the Welcome find,
As thy Acceſſes to a Ship-wreck'd Mind.

IPSWICH, *April* 1714.

An EPISTLE *from a Half-Pay Officer in the Country to his Friend in* London, *upon reading the Addreſs of the two Houſes, to thank her Majeſty for the* ſafe, honourable, *and* advantageous PEACE.

O Dulces comitum valete cœtus.
Longè quos ſimul à domo profectos,
Diverſæ variæ viæ reportant. Catull.

CUrſe on the Star, dear *Harry*, that betray'd,
My Choice from Law, Divinity, or Trade,
To turn a rambling Brother o' the Blade!
Of all Profeſſions ſure the worſt is War.
How whimſical our Fortune! how Bizarre!
This Week we ſhine in Scarlet, and in Gold:
The next the Cloak is pawn'd--The Watch is ſold.
To-day we are Company for any Lord:
To-morrow not a Soul will take our Word.
Like Meteors rais'd in a tempeſtous Sky,
A while we glitter, then obſcurely dye.
Muſt Heroes ſuffer ſuch Diſgrace as this?
O curſt Effects of honourable Peace!

I, who not long ago indulg'd my Hours
In witty Commerce, or in ſoft Amours;
And in rich *Mulſo*, *Volney*, or *Champaigne*,
Ador'd each Night the Beauties then in Reign;
(Till, Arms ſubmitting to the awful Gown,
Our Troops were forc'd to abdicate the Town,)
Muſt now retire, and languiſh out my Days
Far from the Roads of Pleaſure, or of Praiſe:
Quit ſweet *Hyde-Park* for dull Provincial Air;
And change the Play-Houſe for a Country-Fair:
With ſneaking Perſons beaſtly Bumpers quaff;
At low Conceits, and vile Conundrums laugh;
Toaſt to the Church, and talk of Right Divine;
And herd with Squires--- more noiſy than their Swine.
Muſt Heroes ſuffer ſuch Diſgrace as this?
O curſt Effects of honourable Peace!

There was a Time--- O! yes there was a Time---
(E'er Poverty made Luxury a Crime,)
When Marigolds in Porridge were a Jeſt;
And Soups were us'd to introduce the Feaſt.
Then *French* Ragoos were orthodox and good;
And Truffles held no Hereſy in Food.
Nor to eat Mackarel was judg'd High-Treaſon,
Tho' Goosberries as yet were not in Seaſon.

But

But under *H--ley*'s frugal Diſpenſation.
Theſe Vanities require a Reformation.
Scourg'd by his Wand, and humbled by his Sway,
I've learn'd to ſuit my Diet to my Pay;
And now can ſanctify, with ſolemn Face,
A heavy Dumpling with a formal Grace.
In aukward Plenty ſlovenly I dine:
And nappy Ale ſupplies the want of Wine.
No nice *Deſerts* my learned Palate pleaſe.
To fill up Chinks--- a Slice of *Suffolk-Cheeſe*.
And muſt then Heroes nibble *Suffolk-Cheeſe?*
O curſt Effects of honourable Peace!

But ah! the hardeſt Part is ſtill behind----
The Fair too, gentle *Harry*, prove unkind.
Think then how wretchedly my Life muſt paſs!
For what's this World, my Friend, without a Laſs?
Poor be my Lot, inglorious be my State,
Give me but---Woman, I'll abſolve my Fate.
But 'tis in vain.--------
Th' ungrateful Sex, as ſenſeleſs as unjuſt,
To feed their Pride, will even ſtarve their Luſt.
And fool'd by Equipage and empty Show,
Quit the tough Soldier for the lathe Beau.
I, who ſo oft my forward Zeal have ſhow'd,
And in their Service ſpent my warmeſt Blood,

Am now reduc'd, (hard Fate!) for want of Pelf,
To fight the Jeſuit's Battle by my ſelf.
Muſt Heroes ſuffer ſuch Diſgrace as this?
O curſt Effects of honourable Peace!

* *The fourth Eclogue of* VIRGIL *imitated.*

SIcilian Muſe exalt thy tuneful Voice:
Not always make the Woods and Groves thy (Choice.
Or, if that humbler Theme you ſtill purſue,
Make the Groves worthy of a Conſul's View.

The Time is come the *Sybil* long foretold,
Reſtoring the *Saturnian* Age of Gold.

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* This Eclogue was compoſed in Honour of *Caius Aſinius Pollio*, under whoſe Conſulſhip, and by whoſe happy Mediation the famous Peace of *Puteoli* had been lately concluded, and *Rome* thereby delivered from the Preſſures under which it had laboured while *Sextus Pompeius* (who was before poſſeſſed of *Sicily*, and at War with *Octavianus* and *Anthony*) had by means of his Fleet, cut off all Proviſions from the City. *Pollio* having a Son born to him at that time, the Poet celebrates his Nativity with all the glorious Circumſtances that were the Conſequence of ſo fortunate a Conjuncture; and to adorn his Subject, borroweth many Things beſides from the *Sybilline* Prophecies, that have been ſince applied by the Piety of ſome Fathers of the Church to the Birth of CHRIST.

Again

Again *Aſtræa* is return'd to Earth:
And a new Race deſcends of heav'nly Birth.
O chaſte *Lucina!* thy kind Aid beſtow;
(Lo! Thy *Apollo* rules the World below)
Diſcharge the Mother of her pregnant Load,
And quick reveal to Light the Infant God.
And thou, O *Pollio!* chose by ſmiling Fate, [Date.
From thy great Conſulſhip ſhall give this *Æra*
If any Seeds of Vice ſhall dare appear,
Thy bright Example, and ſucceſsful Care,
Shall free the World at once from Guilt and Fear.
Th' illuſtrious Babe for future Sway decreed,
Belov'd by Gods, the Life of Gods ſhall lead:
Long with hereditary Virtues reign;
And late aſcend his native Skies again.

The grateful Earth to greet her Infant King,
Shall ſacred Wreaths of circling Ivy bring:
While *Flora* decks with various Art the Ground,
And *Zephyrs* ſcatters her Perfumes around.
At thy Approach, bleſt Boy! ſhall ſtrait remove
Each rougher Kind that's Enemy to Love.
The prowling Wolf no more ſhall hunt for Prey;
The Ox and Lion ſhall together play;
The Serpent loſe his Sting; each pois'nous Weed
Shall die, and *Syrian* Roſes flouriſh in their Stead.

But

But when, contemplating thy Father's Praise,
Thy ripen'd Thought ſhall Emulation raiſe
To urge thy Fate the ſame heroic Ways,
The dreary Waſte ſhall riſe with wavey Corn;
The bluſhing Grape in Cluſters load the Thorn;
And Pearls of Hony-Dew the rugged Oak adorn.
Yet ſtill ſome Footſteps ſhall of Fraud remain.
The greedy Mariner, in hopes of Gain,
Shall tempt the Dangers of the faithleſs Main;
Cities with Walls ſhall be incompaſs'd round;
Troops ſhall embark, and martial Trumpets ſound;
Greece ſhall again a new *Achilles* boaſt,
And *Troy* once more lament her Glory loſt.

But as thy firmer Years to Manhood riſe,
The Port no more ſhall hear the Sailor's Cries;
Traffick ſhall ceaſe; alike in ev'ry Land (Hand.
All things ſhall be produc'd by Nature's bounteous
The ſharpned Share no more ſhall vex the Soil,
Nor the luxuriant Vine demand the Pruner's Toil.
The luſty Hind no more ſhall yoke the Ox,
Nor for the *Tyrian* Merchant ſheer his Flocks.
Unborrow'd Luſtre ſhall the Fleece adorn,
And native Gold and Purple ſhall be ſhorn.
In Fate's eternal Volume 'tis decreed: (Speed.
And the glad Years come rowling on with happy
Advance;

Advance; and to thy deſtin'd Honours move,
O darling Care! O genuine Seed of *Jove!*
Aloft behold the Gods inthron'd in State,
While Heav'n inclines beneath the glorious Weight.
Gay looks the Earth; the Skies ſerenely fair;
Calm are the Seas, and Breezes fan the Air.
Each jarring Element forgets its Rage,
Pleas'd with the Proſpect of the coming Age.

O! that kind Heaven, propitious to my Vow,
Would to my Life ſo long a Space allow:
To celebrate the Bleſſings of thy Reign!
Not *Thracian Orpheus* with his pow'rful Strain,
Nor *Linus* ſhould the envy'd Prize obtain:
Though each great Parent did their Sons inſpire,
And *Phœbus* with *Calliope* conſpire.
Should *Pan*'s own Song be with my Numbers try'd,
And his own *Arcady* the Prize decide;
Ev'n *Pan* himſelf, who with my Numbers vy'd,
Should loſe the Prize, tho' *Arcady* decide.

See! ſee! thy Mother * Smiles, auſpicious Boy!
She owns her ten Months Qualms o'erpaid with Joy.

* The Ancients took the Omen of the future good or ill Fortune of Children from the kind or ſullen Regards of the Mother upon the Infant's being preſented to her ſoon after its Birth: And in the ſame manner looked upon it as a Sign of a lucky Genius in the Child, if it could diſtinguiſh, and as it were, acknowledge the Fondneſs of the Parent.

The

II. PREJUDICE is very apt to infect the Minds of young People, and miſlead them in the Judgments they form of others. The Warmth of their Conſtitutions makes them eager, and Want of Experience makes them liable to Miſtakes; while, having met with few Misfortunes to mortify the Pride of Heart that is natural to Youth, their Inclinations or Averſions, though never ſo ill-founded, are not eaſily removed.

BUT, *Thirdly*, What blinds young People the moſt is Flattery. Beſides the Vanity that is common to all Men, and lays open even the moſt Diſcerning to Attempts of this Kind, the Frankneſs and Good-Nature, which are uſual among the younger Sort, render them leſs ſuſpicious, and conſequently more unreguarded, than those who have lived longer in the World, and known more of the Arts of it. They therefore receive the Commendations of the Unskilful, and the Careſſes of the Self-intereſted, without calling in Queſtion the Judgment of the one, or the Sincerity of the other.

THE firſt Thing then I would recommend to you, is, always to carry this Reflection in your Mind, *That there is ever ſomewhat like Pride that accompanies real Merit.* Men of that Character make but very ſlow Advances, and never purſue Strangers with Offers of Intimacy. When therefore you meet with any one, who opens his Cabi-

net

net to you at once, you may almoſt venture to conclude, it contains nothing but Trifles. This is not, however, ſo eſtabliſhed a Maxim, but that we ſee ſometimes, tho' very rarely, in Exception to it, *Two Perſons of good Underſtanding ſtrike out a Friendſhip*, as it were, *at a Heat:* Yet then this happens from ſome lucky Agreement of their Sentiments and Studies, or from ſome generous Overture of real Service, that ſufficiently diſtinguiſh it from the Luſt of Fancy, or the Artifice of falſe Profeſſors.

ANOTHER Conſideration that ought to be of Weight with you, to direct you not only in the Choice of your Companions, but to qualify your ſelf for Company, is this, *That no Converſation can long be pleaſing, that is not, in ſome Degree, profitable.* We may be fond for awhile of the Gay, the Giddy, and the Frolickſome; but we ſhall find, in time, that there muſt be a ſound Head, as well as a chearful Heart, to make the Entertainment laſting. It is not a Man's Person, or Fortune, or ſome faſhionable Impertinence in his Talk (which with the Unthinking paſſes for Wit) that will protect him from the Contempt that never fails to fall on Coxcombs in the End.

LET Party in Religion never enter into your Choice of a Companion. The Marks of Right and Wrong in Matters of Opinion are very uncertain, and can never be ſettled by Men equally fallible. I would therefore always prefer the Converſation

ſation of a Heretick of good Sense, to that of the moſt orthodox Blockhead in *Chriſtendom*.

TRUTH is the firſt Quality to be regarded in a Perſon with whom one converſeth. Without that, Wit is often pernicious, and Plaiſantry is always forced and unnatural.

CONVERSATION is no doubt the beſt Reformer of Manners. But in order to make it be ſerviceable to that End, we ſhould ſtudy the peculiar Vices and Infirmities of our own Natures. It is not enough we converſe with only ſuch who are of a valuable, the Skill lies in chuſing ſuch as are of a proper Character. If the Complexion of our Temper be ſplenetick or melancholy, we ſhould enliven it with the Mirthful and the Sprightly. If we are apt to run into indecent Levities, we ſhould correct that Irregularity by aſſociating with the Grave. If we have a rougher Caſt of Mind, or are conſcious of any thing ſhocking in our Humour or Addreſs, we ſhould wear off that Ruſt, and endeavour to poliſh our ſelves, by frequenting the Company of ſuch, who are diſtinguiſhed for their Complaiſance and Good-Breeding.

THAT Thing called Good-Breeding, is too much neglected among the *Engliſh*. Our Countrymen think it ſufficient if they are poſſeſſed of the more ſolid Virtues, without the Ornaments of Life. But this is certainly a Miſtake. Many an Affair has miſcarried by the Neglect only of ſome

ſmall

ſmall Circumſtance or Ceremony. In ſhort, the World is like other Miſtreſſes, and we muſt dreſs at her, if we expect to gain her.

THERE is a bewitching Softneſs in ſome Men's Civility, that is ſtrangely reconciling. It diſarms one's Caution at the firſt Encounter. And they may be ſaid to look, rather than to reaſon a Man into their Opinion.

FORWARDNESS in Converſation, doth always diſguſt; but Aſſurance is neceſſary: For Want of this it hath often been obſerved, that four or five *Engliſhmen* have met together, and not one of them hath dared to break the Ice in half an Hour. Beſides, the Sinews of Reason ſhrink, and Good-Senſe looks out of Countenance, when delivered from the Mouth of a baſhful Man.

A numerous Acquaintance is inconvenient, becauſe by that Means you may be drawn into Engagements which you ſhall afterwards repent, though not eaſily get clear of; (for nothing is ſo difficult, as to ſhake off a Fool, or a Knave, who hath once crept into ones Familiarity;) nothing but downright declaring War, and that is not always expedient, can free you from the Incumbrance of ſuch uſeleſs or deſigning Allies) and as a numerous Acquaintance is inconvenient, a numerous Company is unedifying. It is a Kind of Chaos, and nothing beautiful can ariſe from ſuch jarring Elements. But a general Acquaintance is always improving,

improving, and a general Converſation diverting: For there we enjoy Variety without Hazard, or Confuſion. To be linked in the Society of one particular Order of Men, muſt narrow our Views, and warp the Underſtanding. This is very remarkable among the Students of our Univerſities, and Inns of Court. The one imagine Reason to have no Authority, but in the Chair of *Ariſtotle*; while the others think ſhe is never ſo well employed, as when ſhe is putting of Cases. In like manner, to be perpetually inſiſting upon the ſame Topic of Diſcourse is tiresome to a liberal Mind, that is ſtill impatient after new Diſcoveries. We ſhould, in this, imitate the Prudence of those Merchants, who having but a ſmall Stock of their own to ſet out with, make a trading Voyage from Port to Port, and by exchanging the Commodities of one Province, or Country, for those of another, bring back at laſt vaſt Returns for themselves. Thus we too may make our Advantage by converſing promiſcuouſly, with Men of Ability in their ſeveral Profeſſions, we ſhall learn from every one ſomewhat that is either uſeful to our ſelves, or acceptable to others. If any thing I have here ſuggeſted can be ſo to you, I ſhall think the little Time I have beſtowed on these Reflections very well ſpent. I have forborn to enlarge them, because I know the present Turn of Affairs entertains you much better, than any thing could do that my Solitude can produce. Believe me upon all Occaſions, and in all Places, My Dear CAMPBELL,

Your Affectionate Humble Servant,

R. P.

EPITAPH.

For my dear Friend DAVID CAMPBELL, *Eſq;*

SPrung from an ancient, and illuſtrious Line,
(O may it to eternal Ages ſhine!)
Here * lies interr'd a much lamented Youth,
For Senſe diſtinguiſh'd, and eſteem'd for Truth:
Whom Heav'n had faſhion'd with peculiar Care,
And form'd the Darling of the Brave and Fair.
To the rich Talents Nature did impart,
He joyn'd the fine Embelliſhments of Art:
Yet liv'd as much unenvy'd, as admir'd.
But ah! how ſoon alas his Life expir'd.
The noble Plant was dreſs'd in Beauty's Pride;
Gaily it bloom'd, but in the Blooming dy'd.
Ye Virtues mourn! ye Loves and Graces weep!
And round your Votry's Urn ſtrict Vigils keep!
And you, ſweet Maids, who lately bleſs'd his Charms,
Tho' he no more muſt fold you in his Arms,
Cheriſh the dear Remembrance in your Heart,
And let no Fop intrude where *Campbell* had a Part.

* *In St.* James's *Church* Weſtminſter,

Familiar

Familiar Letters.

TO

Colonel WILLIAM STANHOPE.

Dear Sir,

OCTOB. 4. 1714.

THO' after addreſſing two Letters to you juſt before, it may ſeem impertinent to trouble you ſo ſoon with a Third, yet I cannot reſiſt the Temptation of giving you Joy upon the late Promotions; in which I hope you may find your Intereſt, as well as your Inclination gratified. While the reſt of the World are making their Court, upon this Occaſion, in Town, I am content here in the Country to read the Triumphs of my Friends twice a Week in the *Gazette*. My Ambition at preſent is turned quite another Way; and all my humble Endeavours are directed to pleaſe the Fair. There is a little Papiſt Villain in the Neighbourhood, ('tis a Defect in our Language, that the Termination of the *Adjective* doth not mark the *Gender*, but you are to underſtand this in the *Feminine*) who hath robbed me of my Heart; and I have ſcarce had an Hour's ſound Sleep, except it was at Church, theſe two Months.

Months. I know that all this is very ridiculous; and that an Half-pay Officer ought no more to be in Love than a common Whore. People of ſuch precarious Subſiſtence ſhould give into no Paſſion that is not ſupported by Gain. But when Indiſcretion cheats us in the Shape of Pleaſure, who can eſcape the Snare? I have this Comfort ſtill in Reſerve----- that, as I have an Heart entirely *Engliſh*, it is odds I ſhall not continue two Months longer in the ſame Mind. There is one Inſtance, however, of my Conſtancy, that will never, I am ſure, be impeached: I wiſh indeed it were not clogged with the Obligations you have laid upon me, and then you would know it is as much upon the Account of your perſonal Merit, as any Favours you have conferred on me, that I profeſs my ſelf,

SIR,

Your moſt Faithful
and Obedient Servant,

R. P.

To a young Lady, who told me, the Army had no Religion; and challenged me to ſhew her a Prayer, that had been made by a Soldier.

MADAM,

IT was always with the greateſt Attention that I received the Honour of your Commands, and it

it is an equal Pleaſure to me, when I am employed to execute them: But the Task you impoſed upon me laſt Night, was what, I confeſs, ſurprized me. In a Viſit where I hoped to have been entertained as a Lover, I little expected to be conſulted as a Divine; nor did I believe you would have had the Curioſity, inſtead of hearkening to the faithful Vows I was addreſſing to you, to enquire about thoſe I made to Heaven. As St. *Paul* became all Things to all Men that he might gain ſome, ſo I find too (I ſpeak it under all the Reſtrictions of Modeſty) that a Man muſt become all Things to all Women, if he would pretend to ſucceed with any. It is an unaccountable Prejudice, that prevails of late againſt our Profeſſion; and particularly among the fair Sex, who ſeem to judge that Virtue and Vice conſiſt rather in the Dreſs of a Tribe, than the Habit of the Mind. The Prayer I ſend you encloſed, (which I give you my Word of Honour, was made by a Soldier) will, I hope, convince you, there are ſome military Men who deſerve not to be excommunicated from the chaſteſt Drawing-rooms. I ſhall ſubmit to your Lady Mother, whether the Author, or her Chaplain be the better Caſuiſt of the two: But when the Queſtion ſhall ariſe about a Gallant, I beg you to believe, you'll never find one, who is with more Devotion than my ſelf,

MADAM,

Your moſt Faithful, &c.

A Soldier's PRAYER.

O GOD, thou Searcher of Hearts, and Judge of all Men, before whoſe awful Throne we ſhould tremble to approach, did not thy Mercy make thy Juſtice leſs terrible; look down, I beſeech thee, with Favour and Compaſſion upon me, miſerable Sinner! Pardon my Offences, and pity my Infirmities. Be not extreme to mark my Follies: *For in thy ſight ſhall no Man living be juſtified.* Remember, I am but poor Duſt and Aſhes, the Child of Vanity, and the Sport of Paſſions. Without thy Aid, O Lord, all our Endeavours after Righteouſneſs are fruitleſs, all our Wiſdom empty Pride, all our Happineſs Deluſion. Do thou enlighten therefore my Mind, and ſanctify my Heart, that I may know and practiſe the Things that belong to my Peace. Redeem me from the Bondage of my Sins, and raiſe me to the Fellowſhip of thy Saints. O let not the many and repeated Inſtances of my Guilt provoke thee to withdraw from me the Aſſiſtance of thy Holy Spirit. But accept of my unfeigned Repentance; ſecond my Reſolutions of Amendment; and ſecure me from the Danger of a Relapſe. Particularly, O Lord, guard me from the Temptation of * ——— which I have ſo often committed, even after the

* *Here mention thoſe Sins to which you are moſt ſubject by Nature, or evil Cuſtom.*

clear

clear Conviction, and profeſſed Abhorrence of my own Conſcience, and thereby merited thy moſt heavy Diſpleaſure. Set thy Law ever before me, that the Terror of thy Threats may reſtrain me from Vice; and the Encouragement of thy Promiſes incite me to Virtue. Make my Obedience to thy Will my Delight, as well as my Duty; that I may ſerve thee with Purity and Truth; not by Starts only, when Afflictions may humble me, or the Eye of the World obſerve me; but in a conſtant, uniform, and ſincere Devotion, without Lukewarmneſs, without Hypocriſy.

After thy ſpiritual Graces, in the ſecond Place, I beg a Bleſſing upon my temporal Concerns. Proſper my honeſt Endeavours in that Station wherein thy Providence has placed me in this World. Give me the Benefit of Health, and the Quiet of Contentment in all my Fortunes. Protect me from all open Violence or Injuries, and defend me from the Arrows that fly in the dark, the Backbitings of a malicious, and the Flatteries of a deceitful Tongue. Bleſs all my Relations and Friends. Forgive, and reconcile my Enemies: Teach me to make a right Uſe of both; that the Malice of the one may awaken my Caution, and the Kindneſs of the other confirm my Conſtancy. Let me not live wholly unprofitable in my Generation. Give me the honeſt Ambition of deſerving well of as many as I am able. In all my Aims, Deſires, and Hopes, let me conſider the Dignity of my Nature, and ſtudy to promote the Glory of thy Name.

Laſtly,

Laſtly, As in Duty bound, I offer up my moſt hearty Praiſe and Thankſgiving for all thy Mercies and Benefits vouchſafed to me, thy unworthy Servant: For my Creation, Preſervation, amidſt all the Dangers with which I have been encompaſs'd; and for all the Comforts and Advantages of this Life: But above all, for the glorious Proſpect of a Better, through the Merits of thy Son, my Redeemer. To whom with Thee and the Holy Ghoſt be aſcribed, *&c.*

TRAN-

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

Catullus, *Tibullus*, and *Ovid*:

WITH

An Eſſay upon the *Roman* Elegiack Poets.

AN

ESSAY

UPON THE

Roman Elegiack POETS.

I HAVE wondered, that among ſo many who have buſied or diverted themſelves in tranſlating the ancient *Claſſick* Poets, ſo few have thought the Writers of Elegy worthy their Pains or Amuſement. I cannot but believe that theſe have ſucceeded as happily in their Way, as the others, and that they may be read with no leſs Advantage than Pleaſure. For my own Part, I can affirm, that when at any time my Mind hath been ruffled by ſome peeviſh Accident or Diſappointment, I have always found my Temper ſooner compoſed by taking a Turn with *Tibullus* in my Hand, than by having recourſe to the Leſſons of Philoſophy, or the Precepts of Divines. Whatever is very ſolemn, carrieth with it, I don't know how, ſomewhat of Conſtraint: And it fre-

quently happens by an unlucky Diſpoſition either in the Pupil, or the Preacher, that thoſe ſeverer Kinds of Diſcipline (I ſpeak not this with the leaſt Irreverence) ſerve rather to puniſh, than reform us. It is perhaps no difficult Matter to convince one of the Reasonableneſs of this or that Action, but the Secret lies in engaging one in the Practice. It is a memorable Sentence of a celebrated Moraliſt this,

Virtus eſt vitium fugere, & Sapientia prima
Stultitiâ caruiſſe-------- Horat.

" It is the Beginning of Virtue to depart from " Vice; and the firſt Step towards Wisdom is to " forsake our Folly. " May it not as juſtly be ſaid, The firſt Step towards Happineſs is to forget our Misery? The beſt Method to bring that about is not, I presume, by alarming the Thinking Faculty, but by ſoothing and lulling to Reſt our too active and unquiet Reflections.

Whilſt our poor tottering Bark continues in this uncertain Voyage of Life, and is ſo often kept out at Sea in rough and ſtormy Weather, far from the Sight of any hospitable Shoar, the Soul, its Paſſenger, cannot ſure but feel a mighty Satisfaction ariſing within, when ſhe finds herself afterwards ſtealing, as it were, away under ſmoother Courſes, and born gently down the Tide of Tenderneſs in ſoft and eaſie Gales of Paſſion.

There is a Charm in Verse that never fails agreeably to affect a Heart that is rightly placed: And there

there is, in my Opinion, ſomething peculiarly moving in the Verſes of that good-natured Claſs of Poets, *Catullus*, *Tibullus*, *Propertius*, and *Ovid*. There are but few Pieces of *Catullus*, it is true, that can ſtrictly be ranked among thoſe of the *Elegiac* Order: But whenever he doth touch upon the ſofter Subjects of Humanity, his Sentiments have the utmoſt Propriety and Delicacy; and therefore I could not but mention him among his Companions. They were, all four, Men of Family and Condition in their Country. Their Inclinations led them naturally to Pleaſure, and their good Senſe to a Diſcovery of the Knavery of Buſineſs, and the Vanity of Ambition. The three former may be ſaid to have been as extraordinary a Triumvirate, as, perhaps, any Age hath produced, I mean in an idle Way of Life: Polite in their Manners; eaſie in their Fortunes; ſucceſsful in their Amours; happy in each other's Acquaintance; beloved, in general, while they lived; and univerſally lamented, when they died. As for *Ovid*, he was certainly Maſter of all the fine Qualities and Accompliſhments that could be deſired in a Gentleman. But having offended *Auguſtus*, either by happening to be an unexpected Witneſs of that Emperor's Love-Intrigues, or else by too laſciviouſly describing his own (which was the Crime pretended) he was baniſhed from *Italy* in his fiftieth Year; and languiſhed out the Remainder of his Days at *Tamos* (the modern *Temeſwaer* as ſome think) there are I believe but two Inſtances in Sto-

ry of a Puniſhment like this for what, at the worſt, could be called only his Indiscretion: One in the Person of *Ovid*, the other in that of *Rabutin*. Their Maſters were equally absolute, equally wise, and equally jealous.

From this little Draught of their Characters, one may judge how edifying any of their Compoſitions muſt needs be to an elegant Underſtanding. And, indeed, what Sincerity in Friendſhip, what Fondneſs in Love, what Kindneſs to Relations, what Inſtances of all the ſocial Virtues do we not meet with in their Writings? Not to mention a thousand Ornaments of Wit, a wonderful Sweetneſs, and easy Cadence in their Numbers, and ſo true a Picture of Life, that one can ſcarce fancy the Scene to lye at the Diſtance it is placed.

There is one Objection, which I muſt not paſs over, and that is generally charged upon these Poets: I mean, their too great Licence, and Obſcenity in their Ideas and Language.

To this I would reply, That if upon ſome Occaſions, they ſeem not to have been very ſcrupulous about the Terms they made use of in communicating their amorous Adventures, it ought not to be imputed to a ſcandalous Singularity in them, but to the common Indulgence of the Age in which they flouriſhed. *Horace* muſt plead guilty to the ſame Indictment. Nay, *Virgil* himself, as applauded as he is for his Modeſty, hath left many Expreſſions in his Eclogues that might be argued

ed of Wantonneſs. After all, the whole Matter will turn upon this ſingle Point. A Perſon whoſe Principles are uncorrupted may freely converſe with theſe Authors without Danger of Infection: And for ſuch who have more Wickedneſs than Wit, (the greateſt Curſe that can befal a Fool) their ſenſleſs Vice will tempt them to pervert even the moſt ſacred Things to the vileſt Purpoſes. However, though all their Poems may be read in the Originals with Safety, I do not pretend to ſay they can all be tranſlated with Decency. But ſince many of them may, it is Pity, I think, we have not more of them in *Engliſh*, to enrich our Language with a Variety of pleaſing Images, that are as innocent, as they are delightful.

There is one Difficulty that will ſtill lye upon the Hands of any who ſhall undertake this Work, and this ariſeth from their frequent Alluſions to the Ceremonies and Notions of their Religion. Inſtances of this abound even in thoſe Copies of their Verſes that are writ the moſt in the Spirit of Lewdneſs: (as Superſtition hath ever been an eſpecial Bawd to Luſt) But for all ſuch as are proper to be tranſlated, they may be rendered by a few explanatory Notes not only intelligible, but very entertaining, to a meer *Engliſh* Reader.

What I have here delivered, is not ſaid with Deſign to talk into Credit any little Attempts of mine, (whoſe Paſſion for a Muſe never yet came to be a ſerious Affair) but to recommend the Performance to ſome body who hath more Leiſure, as well as better Abilities for ſuch a Work. TRAN-

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

Catullus, Tibullus, &c.

To *LESBIA.*

CATULL. Carmin. XXIX.

Ille mi par eſſe Deo videtur,
Ille, ſi fas eſt, ſuperare Divos.

BLeſt as th' immortal Gods, and far more bleſt,
(Their careful Providence diſturbs their Reſt)
Is the fond Youth, who, gazing on thy (Face,
Adores each fawning Smile, each riſing Grace;
And

And ſits and liſtens to thy charming Tongue,
Whose Speech is tuneful as the Syren's Song!
Struck with the pow'rful Magick you diſpense,
My Soul's disarm'd of ev'ry Guardian Sense.
A liquid Fire, piercing as Light'ning's Flame,
Darts through my Veins, and loosens all my Frame.
My languid Eyes, and fault'ring Voice confeſs
That Nature faints beneath the ſweet Exceſs.
Wrapt in Amaze, confus'd, intranc'd I lye,
Loſt in ſoft Transports of extatick Joy.
Wanton *Catullus!* idly doſt thou rave!
Art thou then ſunk to be a Woman's Slave?
Sloth and luxurious Ease are dang'rous Things.
Beware---- they oft have ruin'd mighty Kings.
Those Suns (when Love does once th' Ascendant get
Who rose in Glory, in Diſhonour ſet.

The Fourth ELEGY of the Second Book of TIBULLUS.

Hic mihi ſervitium video, dominamque paratam.
Jam mihi libertas illa paterna vale.

I See my Fate ---I own the Tyrant Dame----
Freedom adieu! That vain paternal Claim.
But hard's the Bondage that the Slave conſtrains,
Whom Love, like me, for ever binds in Chains!
Offend, or Merit, equal is my Smart.
Ceaſe, ceaſe thy Tortures; ſpare a bleeding Heart.
Better, than thus in ſad Deſpair to moan,
Transform'd on ſome bleak Mountain to a Stone,
Or on the naked Beach a Rock, ſuſtain
The Storms of Heav'n, or Fury of the Main!
My Days no Peace, my Nights no Comfort know.
Each Hour's imbitter'd with the Dew of Woe.
My tender Elegies in tuneful Pray'r
Have oft aſſail'd the unrelenting Fair:
But deaf to Muſick's ſoft perſwaſive Pow'r,
No Charm can melt her but a golden Show'r.

Farewel

Farewel then *Phœbus*, and the Muses' Quire!
'Twas not to ſing of Wars I tun'd my Lyre;
Nor to describe the Travails of the Sun;
And ſwift-revolving Labours of the Moon.
One Wiſh alone invok'd your ſacred Aid----
To ſmooth my Paſſage to the ſcornful Maid.
But ſince Wealth only can Admittance gain,
By glorious Mischief Riches I'll obtain.
Murther---- or rob---- yes rifle ev'ry Shrine;
And my firſt Violence, *Venus*, be on thine!
Thou! that aſſign'd the mercenary Jilt;
Inſpir'd---- and pleas'd beheld the thriving Guilt.
Curſt be the Man (his Pride hath fatal been)
Who firſt display'd th' Emerald's ſprightly green
The *Tyrian* Dye, or *Coan* Bombacine!

These are the Baits that tempt the fickle Sex;
And Lovers Joys with rival Cares perplex.
Thus Women learnt (by Truth ſecur'd before)
With Dogs to guard, with Bolts to lock the Door.
Preſents, alas! are Paſſports ſtill o'course;
No Dogs then bark, no Bolts reſiſt their Force.
The Plagues are endleſs that afflict Mankind,
When Heav'n truſts Beauty to a venal Mind.
Hence Broils enſue; hence ſlighted Youths blaſpheme:
Hence *Cupid*'s grown ſo infamous a Name.

But may the Wretch who meanly can despise
For ſordid Pelf true Love (the nobleſt Prize)
See in fierce vengeful Flames her Treasures blaze;
Or Winds disperse the Heaps her Treach'ries raise.
And when ſhe dies, neglected will ſhe fall;
By none regretted, who had cheated all.
Far diff'rent Fate the gen'rous Nymph attends,
Whom Kindneſs, and whom Conſtancy commends.
Belov'd while young; eſteem'd when paſt her Bloom;
In Age rever'd; and worſhipp'd in the Tomb.
Some good old Man, remindful of the Charms
That once had made him happy in her Arms,
Yearly ſhall viſit her diſtinguiſh'd Urn,
Freſh Garlands ſtrow, or grateful Odours burn.
Juſt is the Cause---- but ah how vain to plead!
For Love, at laſt, will have his Laws obey'd.
With all my Spleen (ſhould *Nemeſis* command)
Content I'd fell th' old Manſion Seat, and Land.
Nay more, could all the Drugs *Theſſalia* bore,
Or wild *Medea* brew'd on *Pontus*' Shore,
Be mix'd together in one baneful Cup,
To gain a Smile from her, I'd drink it up.

The Thirteenth ELEGY *of the Fourth Book of* TIBULLUS.

To His MISTRESS.

Nulla tuum nobis ſubducet femina lectum.
Hoc primùm junctæ eſt fœdere noſtra Venus.

THink me not falſe to the firſt Vows I made;
Nor that ſome fairer She may wrong thy (Bed.
The boaſted Arts of all the Sex are vain:
Their Smiles no Pleaſure give, their Frowns no Pain.
Alone you charm me. But, beholding thee,
A thouſand more, perhaps, are charm'd, like me;
And O! I wiſh (let Love the Wiſh atone)
That thou wer't charming in my Eyes alone!
Vain-glorious Fops, of envy'd Bleſſings proud,
Expoſe their Treaſure to the Rival Crowd;
Delight in idle Show, and empty Noiſe:
The Wiſe in Silence brood upon their Joys.
To Foreſt Wilds I cou'd with thee retreat,
Where never Path was worn by human Feet.

No,

No Clime can low'r, where your bright Looks appear;
No Place ſeem desart, when my Love is there.
Nay, I atteſt thy *Juno*'s ſacred Pow'r,
(*Juno* the Guardian of the Nuptial Bow'r,)
Tho' tempted by ſome Beauty of the Skies,
The Heav'n that Beauty profer'd I'd despise.
What have I ſaid? Fool that I was to ſwear,
Or fondly ſatisfy thy jealous Fear!
Safe from Alarms, you now will urge your Sway,
(Ah babling Tongue that did my Heart betray!)
No Hopes of Liberty to me remain:
But I, a Slave profeſs'd, muſt drag your Chain.
Lo *Venus!* at thy Altar bound I lye.
O gentle Goddeſs guard thy Votary!

The NOONING.

From OVID, BOOK I. ELEGY V.

Æſtus erat, mediamque dies exegerat horam:
Appoſui medio membra levando toro.

'TWas Summer, and, with ſultry Heat oppreſt,
At Noon I laid me down in Bed to reſt.

The

The Curtains of my Window, ſlightly drawn,
Let in a doubtful Beam, that look'd like Dawn;
Or the faint Glimm'rings that through Foreſts play;
Or Twilight twinkling at the Cloſe of Day.
Such pretty Maſquerades of Light and Shade
Suit with the Bluſhes of a wiſhing Maid;
And ſerve, with Decency, to uſher in
Ladies who dread the Shame, but love the Sin.
Corinna lo! appear'd, in looſe Array,
Adown her Neck her comely Treſſes ſtray:
Like great *Semirimis* her Figure ſhew'd;
Like *Lais* ſmiled, as lovely and as lewd.
Pfeiz'd her Gown, and broke thro' that Defenſe;
(The ſlender Outwork of unguarded Senſe)
At firſt ſhe ſtruggled; but 'twas plain to ſee,
She fought for Honour, not for Victory.
Stript of her Robe, and naked to my View,
How faultleſs was her Make! Her Shape how true!
What Arms I ſaw and felt! What plump round (Breaſts!
And how they heav'd!---- as longing to be preſt.
How firm her Thighs! How ſmooth her Belly roſe
Beneath her ſlender Waſte! The reſt---- ſuppoſe.
Beauty and Youth in their full Vigour ſhone;
And cloſe I clasp'd her Body to my own.

Spent

Spent with Exceſs of Joy intranc'd we lay:
Give me ſuch Noons, ye Gods, to ev'ry Day.

The LOVER Militant.

From OVID, Book I. Elegy IX. Ending at the 32d Verſe.

Militat omnis amans, & habet ſua caſtra Cupido:
Attice, crede mihi; militat omnis amans.

Cupid and *Mars* are Generals wiſe and bold:
Truſt me, dear Friend, the Parallel will hold.
In both their Camps alike ſucceed the Young:
Love courts the Gay, and Vict'ry crowns the (Strong.
The old in vain their uſeleſs Weapons weild,
Fumblers in Bed, and Cripples in the Field.
Recruits for each are chose with equal Care,
And none ſhould dare to woo, who cannot war.
With frequent Duty, and with Watching ſpent,
(The Lover at the Door, the Soldier at the Tent)
On their cold Poſts both lye whole Nights awake;
And often, long and toilſome Marches make.
O'er Hills, through Floods, in cruel Froſt and Snow,
They ſeek a Miſtreſs, or purſue a Foe.

No-

No Diſtance tires, no Hazard can affright;
The Danger ſerves but to provoke the Fight.
In hoſtile Camps the Chiefs employ their Spies:
And Lovers watch their rival Lovers Eyes.
Forts are approach'd by Mine, or took by Storm:
Ladies won----Sword in Hand, or elſe in Form.
Your active Partiſans, in Ambuſh laid,
Surpriz'd in Sleep their Enemies invade:
(As by *Fineſſe* the *Greeks* did once deſtroy
The Troops that *Rheſus* brought to ſuccour *Troy*.
Th' Alert Gallant does thus with kinder Rage,
While the dull Husband ſnores, the Wife engage.
Yet ſometimes both defeated of their Aim,
Repuls'd by Guards, retire with Loſs, and Shame.
Doubtful alike's the Fate of Arms and Love:
The Vanquiſh'd oft, at laſt, the Victors prove.
Diſgrace befalls as well the Great as Small;
And thoſe ſcarce riſe, you'd ſwear could never fall.
Let none then think that Love's a Sport for Boys,
He muſt drudge hard, who gains its utmoſt Joys.

The RING. A Preſent to His MISTRESS.

From OVID, Book II. Elegy XV.

Annule, formoſæ digitum vincture puellæ,
In quo cenſendum nil, mihi dantis amor.

GO little Ring, and may'ſt thou welcome prove,
Not for thy Value, but the Donor's Love.
Go little Ring, and while the wanton Maid
Well-pleas'd ſurveys thee on her Joint diſplay'd,
Tell her, thy Circle was contriv'd with Art,
The Type of one that fits a better Part.
Happy who now her lilly Hand ſhalt grace!
O how I wiſh my----Perſon in thy Place!
Then I ſhould oft her pretty Bubbies feel;
And ſometimes too, perhaps, might lower ſteal,
Slide off her Finger down her glowing Breaſt,
An unſuſpected, but a buſie Gueſt.
Or when ſhe ſeal'd ſome tender Billet-doux,
And wet the Gem to make th' Impreſſion true,
Admitted to thoſe charming Lips of Bliſs
In roſie Dew I'd ſnatch a luſcious Kiſs.

A Part in any Office let me ſhare:
But to be laid aſide----I could not bear:
My Orb contracted to a narrow'r Space
Would cloſer cling, nor quit its ſtrict Embrace.
You need, Dear Life, no Scruples entertain:
My Figure's no Diſgrace, my Weight no Pain.
Dreſt, or undreſt, you ſtill may keep me on;
And ev'n in Bed, or Bathing wear this Stone.
But yet, methinks, if Naked you appear'd,
The Ring wou'd ſoon into a Man be rear'd;
Stretch'd in full Vigour ev'ry Member riſe,
And the bold Lover act without Diſguiſe.
Come, this is trifling----Little Gift depart,
And tell her that thou bear'ſt with thee my Heart.

On the Death of TIBULLUS.

From OVID, Book III. Elegy IX.

Memnona ſi mater, mater ploravit Achillem,
Et tangunt magnas triſtia fata Deas;

IF *Thetis* wept, her Son *Achilles* ſlain;
And human Ills can give immortals Pain;
O ſable * Elegy! thy Treſſes loſe----
Too juſtly now that Name becomes the Muſe.

* The Name of one of the Muſes as well as of that kind of Poeſy over which ſhe preſided, and in which *Tibullus* excelled.

Thy

Thy Glory loſt, thy Harmony deplore-----
The gentle, ſoft *Tibullus* is no more.
See! the poor Boy, the Child of *Venus* mourns!
His ſmother'd Torch no longer blazing burns.
His empty Quiver hangs revers'd----and, lo!
He droops his Wings, and breaks his uſeleſs Bow,
And beats his naked Breaſt, in rage of Woe.
Bedew'd with Tears his Locks o'erſpread his Eyes,
And his dear little Heart e'en burſts with Sighs.
In ſuch ſad Plight, with ſuch a piteous Moan
He wail'd the *Trojan* Chief his Mother's Son.
Nor does the Goddeſs leſs her Grief expreſs,
Adonis' Fate ſcarce gave her more Diſtreſs.

Why do they flatter us with mighty Words?
Stile us Divine? of Fame the Sov'reign Lords?
Frail Deities, alas! but of a Day,
Whom Death's cold Hand ſoon turns to common Clay.
Say, what avail'd it to the* Bard of *Thrace*
His boaſted Skill? or his cœleſtial Race?
That he and *Linus* own'd one heav'nly Sire?
That Beaſts grew tame admoniſh'd by his Lyre?
† Ah *Linus! Linus!* in condoling Strains
The lofty Pines reply, the Sire complains.

Add

* *Orpheus.*
† Inſtead of *Ælinon*, as it is uſually printed, it ſhould be *ai*

Add we to his the great * *Mæonian* Name,
Whoſe fruitful Fount, feeds each poetick Stream,
Ev'n he could not the leaſt Exemption have.
His Works indeed ſtill triumph o'er the Grave.
In them, tho' long ſince ruin'd, *Troy* ſurvives;
And chaſte *Penelope*'s Example lives.
Thy Name too † *Delia*, † *Nemeſis* and thine,
Alike recorded ſhall alike too ſhine.
Thou *Delia* who his earlieſt Love didſt ſhare,
And thou ſweet *Nemeſis* his lateſt Care.
But, what's the Fruit now of our pious Fears?
Our daily Sacrifice? Our nightly Prayers?
If good Men ſuffer thus (Forgive me *Jove*)
Who can believe a Providence above?
Nor Faith, nor Purity can ſtop our Doom:
Death drags us from the Altar to the Tomb.
Is Verſe thy Pride? See! where *Tibullus* lies——
How ſmall an Urn will thoſe Remains ſuffice.
And have then Fun'ral Flames without Controul
Laid waſte the Temple of that tuneful Soul?

αἰ λίνον. *i. e.* ah *Linon*. *Linus* was Son of *Apollo*, and inſtructed *Orpheus* in Muſick: But notwithſtanding his high Deſcent and extraordinary Talents, periſh'd like a common Mortal.

* *Homer*.

† Fictitious Names under which *Tibullus* celebrated two *Roman* Ladies who were his Miſtreſſes.

O periſh, periſh the rever'd Abodes,
The glitt'ring Temples of the faithleſs Gods,
Who Patient could behold the guilty Scene,
That drew ev'n Tears from Beauty's Tyrant Queen.

Yet thus 'twas better, in his native Land
To meet his Fate, than on a foreign Strand,
Huddled in Dirt by ſome * *Phœacian* Hand.
His Mother here her kind Concern could ſhew;
Close his dim Eyes, and give a laſt Adieu:
His Siſter teſtify her tender Care
With Hands uplifted, and diſhevel'd Hair:
And the fair Partners in his Heart too prove
Rivals in Sorrow as before in Love.
Delia, departing from the mournful Train,
Cry'd, "Hapleſs Object of my preſent Pain!
"I charm'd thee once, nor charm'd thee then in vain;
"Vigour and Joy danc'd ſparkling in thy Eyes."
Stung with the Thought, proud *Nemeſis* replies:

* *Tibullus* attending *Meſſella* in his Expedition to the *Eaſt*, was ſeiz'd with a violent Sickneſs, and had like to have died in the Iſland of *Corfu*, formerly called *Phænicia*. See *Tibull.* Lib. I. Eleg. III.

"Boaſt

" Boaſt not the Sallies of his roving Youth:
" * His laſt faint dying Graſp confirm'd his (Truth."

If, when the Body's dead, the Spirit flies
To ſeek new Seats, and more indulgent Skies,
Tibullus ſure will that *Elyſium* find
Where dwell the Brave, the Virtuous, and the Kind.
There learn'd † *Catullus* ſhall ſalute his Ghoſt,
And gen'rous § *Calvus* meet him on the Coaſt.

---

* *Tibullus* in his firſt Elegy, the latter Part of which is addreſſed to *Delia*, makes her a very fond Inſinuation of his Conſtancy in theſe two beautiful Lines:

Te Spectem Suprema mihi cum venerit hora,
Te teneam morient deficiente manu.

Ovid artfully introduceth *Nemeſis* repeating the laſt of them in a Kind of Triumph over her Rival, who had, 'tis probable, been neglected for ſome time by her Lover, while the other enjoyed thoſe very Marks of his Endearment which ſhe had been flattered with the Hopes of.

† *Catullus*, although he died very young, had the Reputation not only of great Wit, but of excellent Learning, and that in the Opinion of the moſt Learned, and which may ſtill ſeem more extraordinary, in that of the moſt Witty of the Age in which he lived.

§ *Calvus* was an eminent Poet, and the common Friend of *Catullus* and *Tibullus*.

There

There *Gallus* too (if * violated Fame
Compell'd the Hero to that ſad Extream)
Well-pleas'd ſhall entertain the gentle Gueſt
Who now augments the Number of the Bleſt.
And here may no rude Hand diſturb his Bones.
Light fall the cov'ring Earth, and decent lye the (Stones.

* *If Violated Fame*, &c. To make this Paſſage Familiar to the *Engliſh Reader*, it will be neceſſary to enter a little into the Hiſtory of *Gallus*. He was a Perſon whom *Auguſtus* had raiſed from a *private Condition* to the higheſt Degree of Truſt and Power. He was afterwards accuſed of having abuſed his Maſter's Favour, not only by an arbitrary Adminiſtration, and great Oppreſſion in *Ægypt*, over which Kingdom he had been ſent to preſide, when it was reduced into a Province; but alſo by an inſolent and neglectful Behaviour towards the Emperor himſelf, eſpecially if he happened to be heated with Wine. The Malice of his Enemies, and his own imprudent Conduct at length diſgraced him. And (as the Ingratitude of one Man is generally puniſhed by the Treachery of another) his Boſom-Friend and moſt intimate Companion, *Valerius Largus*, was the chief Inſtrument in his Proſecution and Ruin. His Reſentment of the ſevere Proceedings in the Senate againſt him, (they having condemned him to Baniſhment, and his Eſtate to Confiſcation) and the Indignation he conceived at the baſe Treatment he met with from one he had ſo much careſſed and obliged, tempted him to lay violent Hands upon himſelf. *Auguſtus* expreſſed his Concern for his Death in a Style worthy ſo great and ſo gracious a Prince; and, in a ſort of Rebuke to the Senate for their harſh Sentence, complained of his hard Fate, who alone, ſaid he, was not allowed to chaſtiſe the Failings of his Friends after his own Manner. *Gallus* was a moſt accompliſhed *Roman*, and is celebrated by *Virgil* and all the beſt Poets of his Age. The Judicious will obſerve, that though *Ovid* touches upon this Subject with great Delicacy, yet in thoſe Days it was thought no Crime to do Honour to the Memory of a fallen Courtier, who had many ſhining and valuable Qualities.

To

To his Grace the Duke of ARGYLL; *with the Life of* POMPONIUS ATTICUS.

THE Muse, that ſcorns to flatter, or defame,
In every Change of Fortune ſtill the ſame;
That, careleſs how the factious Crowd divide,
Courts not their Folly, nor their Leader's Pride;
To thee, *Argyll!* who wer't her earlieſt Praiſe,
Aſpires once more her faithful Voice to raiſe:
Nor fears the Strain can unharmonious be,
That ſings of *Atticus*, and ſings to thee.
Viewing this Image of *Rome*'s Fav'rite Son,
Pleas'd ſhe beheld ſome Features like your own.
Like thee he liv'd untainted in an Age
Deform'd with Crimes, and mad with Civil Rage.
Like thee he firmly to the Laws adher'd,
Yet more by Prudence than by Party ſteer'd.
Like thee he learn'd Ambition to deſpiſe,
Yet gaz'd on Glory with a Lover's Eyes.
Like thee when rais'd by Favour, or Succeſs,
Deſert he cheriſh'd; and reliev'd Diſtreſs.
Like thee diſdaining each low vulgar End,
Confeſs'd the Patriot, and avow'd the Friend.

Like

Like thee he met---- ah worſt of human Wrongs!
Ungrateful Hearts, and falſe invidious Tongues.
But paſs we that ſevere Remembrance by.
The Palms oppreſs'd ſhoot faſter to the Sky.

O fam'd in Council! as renown'd in Fight!
Contemplate here this old illuſtrious Knight;
In all Events ſuperior to his Fate;
Divinely good, as eminently great:
Whose gen'rous *Exit* ſhew'd him to excel
No leſs in dying than in living well.
How few in thoſe laſt Conflicts do we find
But ſink beneath the Burthen of their Mind?
Tho' Valour guards the Tent, or State the Door,
The Scene ſoon changes in that dreadful Hour.
Each guilty Thought will then preſs rudely in,
Like *Cæſar* ſtab'd by our own darling Sin.
But he knew nothing to alarm his Soul:
No Clouds of Vice his Sunſhine did controul:
With undiminiſh'd Luſtre he retreats,
And as he mildly roſe, as calmly ſets.

Shall then ſome pedant Scribe, or rev'rend Drone
That dully nods upon a Pulpit-Throne,
Who meanly Merit by Profeſſion ſcan,
Exclude from Heaven this juſt, this pious Man?

Sure

Sure Faith alone is but a weak Pretence;
And Want of Charity is Want of Sense.
The barren Fig-tree was of right accurſt,
But the fair fruitful Vine for Use was nurſt.

Give me thou Power immortal! and unchang'd!
Whose Care paternal has through Ages rang'd;
(Chriſtian or Pagan, both thy Influence felt,
Whose Bounty is to all thy Creatures dealt)
Give me to travel o'er those Realms of Light,
Where *Epictetus* ſhines ſerenely bright;
Where *Varro* and *Pomponius* lead the Way;
Who follow Virtue ne'er can go aſtray.

PROLOGUE *to the TRAGEDY of Sir* WALTER RALEIGH.

STruck with each ancient *Greek* or *Roman* Name,
Blindly we pay Devotion to their Fame.
Their boaſted Chiefs in partial Lights are ſhown:
Neglect, or Envy, ſtill attends our own.
Poets and Prieſts, the People to deceive,
Form Gods and Heroes neither do believe.
Our Author ſcorns all Worſhip but the true:
He brings unqueſtion'd Wonders to your View.
An *Engliſh* Martyr ſhall ascend the Stage,
To ſhame the laſt, and warn the present Age.

and embelliſhed with the utmoſt Refinements. After ſome Time ſpent at the *Univerſity*, he was removed to the *Inns of Court*, and entered of the *Middle-Temple*. But making his firſt Appearance in Town in a Reign when Wit and Gaiety were the Favourite Diſtinctions, he ſoon left the dry Study of the Law, and gave into Purſuits more agreeable to his own Genius, as well as to the Taſte of the Age. It was not long before he became univerſally known, and as generally careſſed by whatever there were of Persons eminent for their Quality, or Politeneſs; and, among others of that Character, and Rank, the famous Duke of *Buckingam* honoured him with his Familiarity, and Eſteem. But whether he received any more profitable Marks of his Friendſhip than publick Profeſſions, and outward Civilities, I am not able to declare. A Story that Mr. *Wycherley* related to me, upon another Occaſion, makes me inclined to believe, that that careleſs, though ingenious, Nobleman might poſſibly neglect to reward Merit in him, as well as in the Person I am going to mention.

Mr. *Wycherley* had always laid hold of any Opportunity which offered, to represent to his Grace how well Mr. *Butler* had deserved of the Royal Family by writing his inimitable *Hudibras*; and that it was a Reproach to the Court, that a Person of his Loyalty and Wit ſhould ſuffer in the Obſcurity, and under the Wants he did. The Duke ſeemed always to hearken to him with Attention enough: And, after ſome Time, undertook to recommend

commend his Pretenſions to His Majeſty. Mr. *Wycherley*, in hopes to keep him ſteady to his Word, obtained of his Grace to name a Day, when he might introduce that modeſt and unfortunate Poet to his new Patron. At laſt an Appointment was made, and the Place of Meeting was agreed to be the *Roe-Buck*. Mr. *Butler* and his Friend attended accordingly: The Duke too joyned them. But, as the Devil would have it, the Door of the Room where they ſat was open; and his Grace, who had ſeated himself near it, obſerving a Pimp of his Acquaintance (the Creature too was a Knight) trip by with a Brace of Ladies, immediately quitted his Engagement to follow another Kind of Buſineſs, at which he was more ready than in doing good Offices to Men of Desert; though no one was better qualified, than he was, both in regard of his Fortune and Underſtanding, to protect them: And from that Hour to the Day of his Death, poor *Butler* never found the leaſt Effect of his Promiſe.

But to return to Mr. *Wycherley*---- His Company was not only courted by the Men, but his Perſon was as well received by the Ladies; and as K. *Charles* was extremely fond of him upon Account of his Wit, ſome of the Royal Miſtreſſes, I have been credibly informed, ſet no leſs Value upon thoſe Parts in him, of which they were more proper Judges. Thus the Circle of his Life was filled with all the delightful Variety that Freedom, Favour, and eaſie Fortune could adminiſter to an el-

gant Mind, and vigorous Conſtitution. It is known to every one who hath converſed in the World, that the Amours of *Britain* in the firſt Years of that Monarch might furniſh as diverting Memoirs, if well related, as thoſe of *France* publiſhed by *Rabutin*, or thoſe of *Nero*'s Court writ by *Petronius*. And it would then perhaps, upon a nearer Inquiry, be found, that many of the boaſted Patterns in Modeſty in the Fair Sex, and of Wiſdom in our own, that are ſo edifying to this preſent Age, were the fortuitous Iſſue of Parents remarkable for nothing in the former but their Luxury and Lewdneſs. I cannot forbear to mention (juſt for the Oddneſs of the Thing) one Piece of Gallantry, among many others, that Mr. *Wycherley* was once telling me they had in thoſe Days. It was this: There was an Houſe at the Bridge-Foot, where Perſons of better Condition uſed to reſort (you ſee how diſtant the Scene then laid to what it doth now) for Pleaſure and Privacy. The Liquor the Ladies and their Lovers uſed to drink at thoſe Meetings was Canary; and, among other Compliments the Gentlemen paid their Miſtreſſes, this it ſeems was always one, to take hold of the Bottom of their Smocks, and, pouring the Wine through that Filtre, feaſt their Imaginations with the Thought of what gave the *Zeſto*, and ſo drink a Health to the Toaſt.

He is juſtly celebrated among the beſt of our *Engliſh* Comick Poets. His Plays are an excellent Satire upon the Vices and Follies of the Age in which

which he lived. His Style is masculine, and his Wit is pointed: And yet with all that Severity and Sharpness with which he appears on the Stage, they who were of his familiar Acquaintance applauded him for the Generosity and Gentleness of his Manners. He was certainly a good-natured Man: And I reckon it as one great Mark of such a Disposition, that he was as impatient to hear his Friend calumniated, as some other People would be to find themselves defamed. I have more than once been a Witness of that honourable Tenderness in his Temper. But the present Lord *Lansdown* hath in so handsome a Manner vindicated him upon this Head, that I refer the Reader to his Apology, which hath long since been made publick.

He was twice married: In the younger Part of his Life to the Countess of *Drogheda*, who settled her whole Fortune upon him. But, his Title being disputed after her Death, the Expences of the Law, and other Incumbrances so far reduced him, that he was not able to satisfy the Impatience of his Creditors; and they flung him at last into Prison.

I have been assured, that the Bookseller who printed his *Plain Dealer*, by which he got almost as much Money as the Author gained Reputation, was so ungrateful to his Benefactor, as to refuse to lend him twenty Pounds in his extreme Necessities.

In that Confinement he languished seven Years: Nor was he released from those Bonds, 'till King

James going to ſee the Play I juſt mentioned, was ſo charmed with the Entertainment, that he gave immediate Orders for the Payment of his Debts, adding to that Grace a Penſion alſo of 200 *l. per Annum*, while he continued in *England*. But the bountiful Intentions of that Prince towards him had not the deſigned Effect; purely, as I have been told by the late Lord *Dunbar*, through the Modeſty of this poor Gentleman, who was aſhamed to confeſs to the Earl of *Mulgrave* (whom the King had ſent to demand it) the full Account of ſo large a Sum as he knew to be owing by him. Mr. *Wycherley* hath acknowledged to me, that that Nobleman juſt named, lent him likewise once 500*l.* upon his Bond. He laboured under the Weight of these Difficulties, 'till his Father dyed: And then too the Eſtate that deſcended to him, was left him under very uneaſie Limitations, he being only made Tenant for Life. Beſides, he was at that time himself of a very advanced Age; weak in his Body, and broken in his Spirit; drawing towards the cloudy Evening of a Life, that had ſcarce the faint Glimmerings remaining of that Luſtre which made him ſo gazed at in his Meridian. How fully now ought it to convince us of the Vanity of all human Pretenſions, and of the little Reason we have to pride our ſelves in the false Glitter, and fading Ornaments of Fortune, or the ſhort-liv'd Perfections of our Nature, when we reflect upon the Example of this Person, in whom were beheld ſo many cruel Reverſes of both! He, who had been

been indulged in the Sweets of Plenty, even to Exceſs; who had wantonly roved through all the inchanting Mazes of Pleasure; who was admired for his Wit; and valued for his Worth; this Man, alas! lived to ſee himself, in a ſhort time, neglected by his Friends, forſaken by his Relations, and, in the end, condemned, by the Iniquity of his Fate, to ſuffer under a close and long Imprisonment. And when, after many Years, he was, at laſt, ſet at Liberty from that Reſtraint, and might ſeem, by the Death of his Father, to be lifted up into higher Expectations, and an eaſier Seat in Life, he not only found himself ſtill fettered in his Fortune by the narrow Settlement his Father had made of his Eſtate; but, what was worse, afflicted with Sickneſs, and decaying apace in his Intellects. He was ſo conſcious of this his declining Condition, that upon publiſhing, ten or eleven Years before he died, a Book of Verses to which he perfixed a Print that had been taken from the Picture Sir *P. Lely* had formerly drawn for him, he ordered this Motto to be placed underneath it,

Quantum Mutatus ab illo!

a melancholy Ejaculation! if he had not the Hopes of another World to comfort him after the Diſappointment and ill Usage he had met with in this. Under these Circumſtances, confined as they were, he took care to leſſen every Year, conſiderably, the Debt he had contracted. But ſeeing no likelihood that he ſhould be able intirely to diſcharge it by what he might, with Convenience, ſpare out of

his annual Rents; and not being allowed by his Father's Will to raiſe any Money by Mortgage, or Sale of his Land, he took a Method of doing it, that was in his Power, tho' few ſuſpected it to be in his Choice, at those Years. This was by making a Jointure. He had often indeed told a Gentleman of my Acquaintance (but it was underſtood to be ſaid by him rather in *Terrorem* to his Nephew, than what was meant as his real Intentions) "That he was resolved to dye married, though he "could not bear the Thoughts of living married." Accordingly, juſt at the Eve of his Death, he was joined in Wedlock to a young Gentlewoman, and eleven Days after the Celebration of these his ſecond Nuptials, in the Year 1715, and about the eightieth of his Age, he dyed, with ſo little Reluctance, that he might be ſaid to drop off the Tree of Life, like Fruit that had hung long expecting to be gathered. He lyes interred in the Vault of *Covent-Garden* Church.

The End of the FIRST PART.

A

New Collection

OF

MISCELLANIES

IN

PROSE and *VERSE.*

By Major *RICHARDSON PACK.*

The SECOND PART.

Quòd ſi non hic tantus fructus oſtenderetur, & ſi ex his ſtudiis delectatio ſola peteretur; tamen, ut opinor, hanc animi remiſſionem, humaniſſimam, ac liberaliſſimam judicaretis. Nam cetera neque temporum ſunt, neque ætatum omnium, neque locorum. Hæc ſtudia adoleſcentiam alunt, ſenectutem oblectant, ſecundas res ornant, adverſis perfugium, ac ſolatium præbent; delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiſcum, peregrinantur, ruſticantur,

Cicero Orat. pro Archia Poeta.

Multa ſatis luſi. Non eſt Dea neſcia noſtri,
Quæ dulcem curis miſcet amaritiem. Catull.

DUBLIN:

Printed by S. POWELL, for G. RISK in *Dame's-ſtreet*, MDCCXXVI.

To His GRACE

JOHN

Duke of Argyll *and* Greenwich.
Lord High Stewart of his Majeſty's Houſhold, and Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the Garter.

My Lord,

I Have ſometimes wondered how, between the Buſineſs and Pleaſures of Life, of Both which every Man has a Share, People could really have ſo little Good-Husbandry of their Time, as to ſpend much of it in Compliments: I am ſure I will not take up any of your Grace's in

ſo

ſo impertinent an Entertainment. The World is not now to be made acquainted with your great Abilities, and noble Qualities, and the eminent Services you have done your Country; nor am I to begin to tell your Grace with what Sentiments of Gratitude and Reſpect I have received the many Inſtances of your Favour, and the Continuance of that Friendſhip with which your Grace has long honoured me. At preſent, my Lord, I ſhall only beg leave to make an humble Offering to your Grace of this little Volume of Miſcellanies. They were the Fruits of my Idleneſs, but may laſt, perhaps, longer than thoſe of my Induſtry. The Verſes (it may be thought vain if I called them Poems) were many of them compoſed as I have been riding, or rather ſauntering about in a beloved Angle of the World, (for *ille terrarum mihi præter omnes Angulus ridet*) the Scene on which I have paſſed ſome of my ſofteſt Hours; where I was wont to ſteal away from the Cares and Inquietudes of Life, and indulge my ſelf in all the virtuous Luxury that calm Seaſons, delightful Proſpects, chearful Ideas,

and

and innocent Paſſions could adminiſter to the Mind: And where, my Lord, after ſo many Wanderings and Labours, I wiſh with Impatience to ſpend the Sabbath of my Days. But my Fortunes, alaſs! and my Wiſhes do not often accord —— elſe I could not have wanted a much better Opportunity than this, of manifeſting that Attachment and Zeal, with which I have been ever, My Lord,

Your Grace's

moſt Obliged,

moſt Faithful and moſt

affectionately Devoted

Humble Servant,

EXON, April 19. 1725.

R. PACK.

THE

PREFACE

To the READER.

IT was once my Intention to have tranſlated moſt of the Lives, if not all, written by Cornelius Nepos; *but Lazineſs, the Love of Pleaſure, and the Want of Health have, each in their Turn, diverted me from that Undertaking. However, I could not but impoſe this ſhort Task upon my ſelf of rendering into* Engliſh *the Lives of* Miltiades *and* Cimon, *becauſe I found ſomewhat both noble and amiable in the Character of each, as well as ſomewhat very extraordinary in the Account given of the latter. For there we are informed, that as virtuous a Man as he was (and certainly he was a Man of Virtue) he did not in the leaſt ſtartle at Inceſt; and his Wife, good Woman, committed Adultery, purely out of Love to her Husband. My Bookſeller acquainting me, that he was going to reprint my Tranſlation of* Atticus, *I was willing that Philoſopher and theſe Generals ſhould be ſeen in Company together.*

As for the few Copies of Verſes that have their Place in the Rear of this ſmall Volume, they were ſome of them the Reſult of my pleaſurable Hours, others the Relief of anxious ones. I writ them, in ſhort, as People beget Children, in the Gratification, or Diſcharge of a preſent Paſſion, without any Concern at that time what Figure they might make, when they ſhould come into the World. And as Authors are, like Parents, improper Judges of their own Productions, I ſhall leave them intirely to the Cenſure of the Reader, Courteous or Uncourteous. The Good-natured may, perhaps, be inclined to ſpare them, becauſe they are little ones; and tho' none of them ſhould be allowed to paſs for Beauties, yet all of them will at leaſt, I hope, be thought innocent.

Ad LIBELLUM.

GO, little Book, and to the Fair impart
This gentle Meſſage from a tender Heart;
Say, ſhe my Thought's eternal darling Theme,
My Morning Viſion, and my nightly Dream:
That when, far diſtant from that happy Place
Which her bright Presence, and ſweet Converse grace,
These Ears no more her tuneful Speech ſhall hear,
Those Eyes no more my languid Soul ſhall chear,
Where'er, by Fate compell'd, my Feet may roam,
Her Image in my Breaſt ſhall keep its Home:
And tell the Maid, if ſhe vouchsafe to look,
With curious Search, in thee, my little Book,
No guileful Arts, no venal Praise ſhe'll find,
But the plain Image of an honeſt Mind,
Warm gen'rous Truths, which from his Bosom flow,
Who ne'er forgot a Friend, and can forgive a Foe.

EXON, May
25, 1725.

The

The MUSE's Choice;

OR,

The Progreſs of WIT.

An Elegiac Epiſtle to Major PACK; occaſioned by his MISCELLANIES in Verse and Prose.

Sume ſuperbiam quæſitam Meritis.

WEre I ſome happy Spirit, free to chuſe
Of what bleſt Bard I pleas'd, the pow'rful Muse:
I'd paſs by Names much prais'd, and mark the Man,
In whom Dame Nature to plant Wit began;
That Wit right ſtudied ſhould improve by Art,
Time to all these ripe Judgment ſhould impart:
Quick ſhould, like *Lynceus'* Eyes, his Fancy be,
His Tongue drop Honey, like the *Hybla* Bee;
Happy his Humour, ſuiting ſev'ral Wills,
As Wine the Shapes of Veſſels, that it fills;
His Head a Magazine of Claſſic Sense,
His Heart a Hoard of Country Innocence;

His

His Acts ſincere, his Manners of that Sort
As might adorn the Pattern of a Court:
Next trav'ling, thro' the World, my Bard muſt go,
Each Court, each Camp, muſt viſit and muſt know.
By him ſhould States of various Realms be ſeen,
Till Things he, throughly, learnt, and, throughly,
'Tis thus illuſtrious Spirits ought to roam, (Men.
And bring the World's collected Wiſdom home.
Then, in each Art, each Strain, he would excel,
Since Wiſdom is the Source of writing well.

Were I to have my Choice, and ſhould I aim
To give great Pleaſure, and to get great Fame,
Such, *Pack*, and, ſuch alone, ſhould be the Muſe,
I'd, for my Fame, and Reader's Pleaſure chuſe;
Nor wrong my Choice, nor chide, if I ſubjoin,
That, for thoſe Reaſons, *Pack*, it ſhould be thine.

Aſſume the decent Pride to Merit due; (true:
Weak is his Worth, whom Praiſe offends, when
Where Men are conſcious, 'tis a vain Pretence,
Where Men want Conſciouſneſs, they muſt want
Senſe.

Oft have I thought thee born inſpir'd to ſhow,
What Wit was many hundred Years ago;
When

When *Rome* moſt glorious was, *Athens* moſt fam'd,
And each, in Arts and Arms, Earth's Miſtreſs nam'd;
Wit did, o'er all, triumphant Cenſor ſit,
And the World's Lords, obey'd the Lore of Wit.
Then *Phocion* only to young *Ammon* ſpoke,
That ſingle Speech ſav'd *Athens* from his Yoke:
Phocion, her Friend, made *Ammon* not her Foe;
Wiſdom prevail'd, and Pow'r repreſs'd the Blow.
If *Ammon* thus that Orator obeyed,
Not leſs by Poets were his Paſſions ſway'd.
For this World's Victor, when *Sichæum* ſtood,
Envious, the Tomb of fam'd *Achilles* view'd.
" And bleſt, he cry'd, above the greateſt Kings!
" Since thee the greateſt Poet, *Homer* ſings.
Not with leſs Envy, future Chiefs ſhall ſee
Greenwich thy Hero, and his Poet thee:
All Verſes, but thine own, he may deſpiſe,
Homer, in vain, bids proud *Achilles* riſe,
To thine muſt *Homer*'s Hero yield the Prize.
Impatient, fierce, of Birth celeſtial proud,
Paſſions unconquer'd that *Greek* Hero cloud.
Vain was his Birth, if not to Fiction ow'd,
Whose Acts meer Man reſemble, not a God.
Not Birth, pure Merit makes thy Hero ſhine,
His Birth is human, but his Acts divine,
Of which thou form'ſt an Iliad in a Line.

* *He*

* *He may all Merit, but his own, diſdain,*
And Kings have been his Anceſtors in vain. *

Oh thou, who can'ſt, compar'd with *Greece*, ex-
Bear, as thou may'ſt, the *Roman* Parallel. (cel,
Tully, like *Phocion*, ſav'd the States he taught;
And, while *Rome*'s Poets prais'd, *Rome*'s Champions
Thus *Julius* and *Auguſtus*, both, become (fought.
The firſt of *Cæſars* in imperial *Rome:*
The firſt of Poets made them thirſt for Praiſe,
And gave them Laurels in Exchange for Bays.
No ſmall Exchange! ſince, in *Horatian* Odes,
Fix'd, ſhines the *Julian* Star, among the Gods.
As highly ſung, as far, as bright, appears
The *Britiſh* Star, that Garter'd *Campbell* wears.
Campbell, with *Cæſar*, Deed might count for Deed,
But modeſt might his Commentary need.
Bays, Laurels, *Cæſar* won, by Wit, and War;
Argyll and You thoſe twofold Trophies ſhare:
He, learn'd like *Cæſar*, can, like *Cæſar*, fight;
You, brave like *Cæſar*, can, like *Cæſar*, write.
As thy Poetic Lays like *Homer*'s roſe,
Or as thy Verſe, ſublime, like *Virgil*'s, flows,
Like *Cæſar*'s ſo, or *Tully*'s, runs thy Proſe.

* *See the Verſes occaſioned by the Preamble to the Duke of* Greenwich's *Patent, in Major* Pack's *former Volume of Miſcellanies.*

Oh!

Oh! How thy *Atticus* refines Delight!
Thy Paintings, more than *Cic'ro*'s, please the Sight:
Drawn at full Length, and drawn divinely true,
He liv'd with *Tully*, but he lives by you
Unſteer'd by Party, obſtinately good,
Pomponius, not, as Factions ebb'd or flow'd,
E'er let dependent Paſſions riſe or fall:
Siding with none, he liv'd belov'd by all.
Him *Cæſar* lov'd, while *Pompey* call'd him Friend,
And *Cato* prais'd, while *Cæſar* did commend.
May each Great Man, ye Gods, whom moſt I love,
Like *Pack*'s two *Attici*, unbiaſs'd move!
May they no Strife, but this, in Factions raiſe,
Which Faction is the moſt provok'd to praiſe!

One Labour more: I Wit's beſt Age purſue,
And find it follow'd ſtill, and reach'd by you:
Next good *Octavius* mounts the happy Throne,
Bluſh Chriſtian Pow'rs! the Heathen Pattern own!
The Age, *Auguſtus* liv'd in, ſtill ſhall laſt,
Till Time's great Period ſhall it ſelf be paſt.
With that good Prince, the good *Mæcenas* roſe,
Wit finding them her Friends could fear no Foes:
The growing Language daily Graces gain'd,
And its full Strength in Sense and Sound obtain'd:
No Fancy could its Phraſes wiſh more rich,
No Voice could lift it to a higher Pitch.

Then

Then *Virgil* ſung----of Wit the Sov'raign Lord,
Near eighteen Ages, crown'd, with one Accord,
And, ſtill, the longer read, the more ador'd.
Hiſtorians, Orators, and Poets rose,
These poliſh'd Verse, and those adorn'd the Prose.
Catullus learn'd, and *Ovid* was the Wit,
And Courts grew poliſh'd, as *Tibullus* writ.
Like him, does *Gallus*, with each Sex, ſucceed;
The Ladies languiſh, and their Lovers read.
In Wit's large Field, now open'd freſh by you,
These Ancients march, and marching we review:
Muſter'd by thee are all their Forces ſhown,
Ye Moderns, by these Models, mend your own.

The Learning of *Catullus*, *Ovid*'s Wit,
What *Gallus* and *Tibullus* courtly writ,
All their fine Thoughts, our panting Beauties prove,
And *Britiſh* Boſoms beat with *Roman* Love.
By you convey'd, they feel the Paſſion whole,
For, in your Verſions, you transfuse the Soul.
In Nature, Fortune, Honour, Wit, and Fame,
There's ſuch Similitude, you ſeem the ſame.
But, ah! how Nature ſtill o'erpow'rs all Art!
How is thy Head indebted to thy Heart!
O'er thy Tranſlations, how thy Verse are fir'd,
Which are by *Celia*'s brighter Eyes inſpir'd.

Had *Celia*, ſooner, ſmote thee with Surprize,
Had her Charms earlier met thy wond'ring Eyes;
To *Celia*, only, had thy Lyre been ſtrung,
And *Latian-Belles* in *Britiſh* Lines unſung.
Well, those Tranſlations had, tho' fine, been loſt;
Since we more bright Originals might boaſt.
Such were the Tunes, with which you charm'd the Swains
On *Buria*'s, equal to *Arcadia*'s, Plains;
With ſuch the *Hyde*, a Grove adjacent, rung;
Nor ſweeter those, which once *Catullus* ſung
When he, repairing to *Dione*'s Grove,
Deſcrib'd the Vigils of the Queen of Love.
Fair *Hengrave*'s Woods, ſhall Nymphs *Napæan*
Deserve, o'er all the Sylvan Gods, Renown,
The Seat of *Venus* and *Apollo* grown.
" Venus *no more ſhall be Mount* Ida's *Pride*,
" *The Queen of Beauty, now, frequents the* Hyde:
No more ſhall *Tempé* with her *Bay-Tree-Row*,
Where, Graſs perfum'd, and Flow'rs eternal grow,
Boaſt *Phœbus* there; but to the *Hyde* ſubmit:
For, here, while ſinging in their Shade you ſit,
The conſcious Trees confeſs the God of Wit.

Sing on,--like *Orpheus*, charm th'inchanted Place,
See! how freſh Ivy wreaths! how ſprout the Bays!
See! Myrtles ſpring at ev'ry Magick Sound!
The Soldier, Bard, and Lover ſhall be crown'd.

Sing

Sing on,---He ſings,---Those Songs, grav'd Barks rehearse,
Each Tree its Head immortal lifts in Verse:
Those Verse, in Tunes, the Birds repeat, above;
And warbling Nations ſhake the dancing Grove.
Sweet, over all, is *Philomela* heard,
To *Juno*'s Peacocks, *Venus*' Doves preferr'd,
For *Pack*'s ſweet *Philomel* is *Cælia*'s Bird.
The chirping wanton Sparrow ſhe diſdains,
Charm'd with what chaunts ſuch chaſt and dying Strains.
As wise, o'er *Lesbia*'s, is fair *Cælia*'s Choice,
As ſweet, beyond *Catullus*, is *Pack*'s Voice.
Hence fam'd o'er all the Sons of Wit is he,
Fam'd o'er the Daughters of bright Beauty ſhe:
As Fires their Radiance, Flames uniting, raise;
She makes his Genius, he her Glories blaze:
Songs, on ſuch Eyes, muſt, ſparkling more, excel;
And Eyes muſt ſparkle more, when ſung ſo well:
His Verse took Flame from her inſpiring Eye;
'Tis Flame celeſtial,--- and they ne'er can dye:---
So ſure, those Eyes, that there recorded ſtand,
Shall, Ages hence, admiring Worlds command.
So ſure, that Face ſhall, in *Pack*'s deathleſs Song,
Bright in eternal Bloom, be ever young.

To raise her Charms, or lift his Genius higher,
What could the Beauty or the Bard desire?

Say, what shall draw me from this darling Theme?
Thy Conversation?----That repeats the same.
There *Celia* you, and there I *Celia* toast,
While Youths and Maids strive, who shall praise her most:
Celia from all the Sex the Palm will bear,
By Men ador'd, yet honour'd by the Fair.
But tho' the Ladies give a lovely Force,
And add sweet Flavours to the best Discourse.
Yet yours to no one Pleasure is confin'd,
All Pow'rs comprizing, that can charm Mankind.
Far, as each Science, it extends, or Art;
Rules or refines all Passions of the Heart;
And, while it elegant the Passions moves,
Folly reclaims and Wisdom's self improves.
The Scholar, while your Dictates you dispense,
Learns Men, like Books, and files his College-Sense.
The list'ning Soldier's taught to seek Renown,
And his Breast beats with Courage not his own:
Raw Squires, polite, as Courtiers, do appear;
Fops grow less Fools, and Wits grow less severe,
And Courtiers, as the Country-Hind, sincere:
Thee, not less Women, than the Men obey,
Coquettes grow graver, Prudes themselves more gay.

Thus

Thus doſt thou, breeding Honour, Wit, diſpense
With universal boundleſs Influence:
Well may'ſt thou Converſation make thy Theme,
Whose each new Speech adds Vot'ries to thy Fame.
Now let thy *Brudenel*, or thy *Stanhope* ſay,
(Companions of thy Eloquence are they;
Brudenel, whose Tongue can charm each beauteous Fair;
Stanhope, in Councils, fam'd, of Peace and War:)
How rightly I have chose, were I to chuse,
To please the World, *Pack*'s various tuneful Muse;
How happy the converſing World would be,
Could thy Inſtructions make Men talk like thee.

With thee converſing, we all Time forget,
On Days ſo ſpent, how ſoon the Suns ſeem ſet;
On Nights ſo ſpent, how ſoon those Suns arise?
No Reſt ſeems loſt to our unwearied Eyes.
Clocks are dull Monitors we moſtly fear,
That rudely interrupt the raviſh'd Ear,
And cruel cry, 'tis time to cease to hear.
Peace, Death-like Knell!---that Sound untunes the Heart,
'Tis Life to hear him, and 'tis Death to part.
Cry they 'tis time?---'Tis never time to cease
Hearing that Tongue, that wou'd for ever please.

Verſes to the AUTHOR.

TOO long to mercenary Views confin'd,
Has the Muſe ſeem'd to traffick with Mankind;
Have venal Bards undignify'd the Bays,
And for Returns of Bread retail'd their Lays.
At length fair Science does with Rapture ſee
A generous Prop of her Renown in thee;
Your Verſe directs a Road ſecure to Fame,
And refcues from Neglect the Poet's Name.
Let others with pedantick Drudg'ry toil,
And the beſt Art by Rules Mechanick ſpoil,
Or Poeſy employ, as ſome a Wife,
To anſwer all the houſhold Calls of Life;
You, Sir, your Genius as your Miſtreſs uſe,
And with an Air polite, gallant the Muſe;
Whene'er you lead her thro' the Court or Grove,
We're taught how Men of Senſe ſhould think, or
Or when to bid th'attentive World receive (love;
The boldeſt Touches that the Lyre can give,
Greatly ſelected from the daz'ling Throng,
One chief illuſtrates thy immortal Song;

He's

He's ſuch an Empire can with Pride behold,
And leave us leſs attach'd to Names of old;
Tho' thro' thy Labours, e'en *thoſe Names* ſurvive,
And, in the *Britiſh* Tongue tranſplanted, thrive.
But why ſhould *others* feeble Praiſes bring,
And with vain Fondneſs leſſen whom they ſing?
Merit, like *thine*, defies *aſſiſtant Strains*,
And *any Heralds*, but *itſelf*, diſdains.

London, May 29.
1725.

CH. BECKINGHAM.

To the AUTHOR.

ON thee the Muſes all indulgent ſhine,
Their Force, their Sweetneſs, and their Muſic thine.
A tranſient Smile to other Bards is ſhown,
But their whole Souls, bleſt Poet, are thy own.
In thee the ſoft *Tibullus* wakes again,
He warbles in thy Heart-diſſolving-Strain.
Attending *Love*, confeſſes all its Charms,
Arreſts his Wings and folds thee in his Arms.

Happy the Maid, thy Harmony has ſung,
Thy Spring will bloom and in the Grave be young.

Inner-Temple, June 4.
1725.

CLIO.

To the AUTHOR.

LONG the Poetick World a Deſart ſeem'd,
To Monſters, Pedantry, and Dullneſs damn'd;
'Twas ſav'd by PACK, *Apollo*'s darling Son:
The Muſes made their total Pow'r his own,
Venus t'inſpire him form'd a *Colleton*.

Gray's-Inn, June 7.
1725.

J. H.

THE

LIVES

OF

Miltiades and *Cimon.*

With the Life of

ATTICUS.

AND ALSO,

POEMS *on ſeveral Occaſions.*

DUBLIN:

Printed by S. POWELL, for G. RISK, in *Dame's-ſtreet*, M.DCC.XXVI.

THE

LIFE

OF

MILTIADES.

Miltiades, the Son of *Cimon*, was born at *Athens*. The Antiquity of his Family, the Glory of his Anceſtors, and the Modeſty of his own Deportment had rendered him the Darling of his *Country*; and he was now arrived at an Age, that the *Publick* might, not only Hope, but Confide, his future Conduct would Confirm the Judgment they had made concerning him; when a Scene of Action opened, which brought him upon the Stage. It happened, the *Athenians* had then taken a Reſolution to plant a Colony in the * *Cher-*

* *Hodie*, Morea.

ſoneſe:

ſoneſe: And, as great Numbers were engaged, and more ſeemed fond of that Expedition, a Deputation was ſent from them to *Delphos*, to conſult on whom they ſhould confer the chief Command: For, the *Thracians* being in Poſſeſſion of the Country, it was certain their intended Settlement would meet with ſome Oppoſition. The Prieſteſs of *Apollo* directed them by Name to appoint *Miltiades* to be their General, aſſuring them of Succeſs in their Enterpriſe, if they ſhould place him at the Head of it. Encouraged by this Declaration of the Oracle, *Miltiades* embarked with a ſelect Body of Troops for the *Cherſoneſe*. He touched at **Lemnos* in his Way, with a View of reducing that Iſland to the Obedience of *Athens*; and accordingly ſent the Inhabitants Word, that he expected them to acknowledge their Dependance by a voluntary Submiſſion. To this Meſſage they gave no other than this Deluſory Anſwer; "That they would "not fail to comply with the Summons, whenever "he ſhould ſail from home to *Lemnos* with the "Wind at *North*"; as knowing while it blew from that Quarter, it was directly in the Teeth of all who were ſteering their Courſe thither from *Athens*. However, *Miltiades* not being at leiſure to proſecute his Deſign on that People, deſiſted for the preſent from any farther Attempt, and proceeded on his Voyage.

After his Arrival, having in a ſhort time defeated the Forces of the *Barbarians*, he made himſelf

* *Hodie*, Stalimene-Iſland *in the* Archipelago.

Maſter

Maſter of all the Country he had propoſed; and, the better to ſecure it, erected Forts in ſuch Places, as he found convenient. The Lands he divided among the Adventurers, whom he likewiſe enriched by frequent Excurſions: Managing the whole Affair with a Prudence equal to his good Fortune. For, as he owed his Conqueſt to the Valour of his Soldiers, ſo he diſtributed the Fruits of it among them with great Equity; and reſolved to fix his Reſidence there, having the Authority, tho' not the Stile of King among them; which he had acquired as much by his Juſtice, as his Power. Nor was he the more negligent on this Account in paying all due Regards to his Principals at *Athens*. By theſe means he was continued in that high Station, no leſs to the Satisfaction of thoſe who firſt employed him, than of thoſe he then governed. And thus having ſettled all Matters on a firm Footing in his new Eſtabliſhment, he returns to *Lemnos*, and peremptorily demands the Surrender of their City in virtue of their own Stipulation; telling them, "His Home was now in the *Cherſoneſe*, from "whence he had ſailed thither with a Northerly "Wind." The *Carians* (for they were then the Proprietors of *Lemnos*) ſeeing Things had taken a turn they did not expect, tho' not out of a ſcrupulous Attention to their Promiſe, yet awed by the Succeſs of their Invaders, did not think fit to diſpute his Claim, and very peaceably evacuated the Iſland. He was no leſs fortunate in ſubduing all the reſt of the * *Cyclades*.

* Iſlands in the *Archipelago*.

About

About that time the King of *Perſia*, having determined to make War upon the *Scythians*, entered *Europe* with an Army from *Aſia*, and laid a Bridge over the *Danube* to maintain a Communication. He committed the Guard of that Bridge, in his Abſence, to certain great Lords who had attended him from *Æolis* and *Ionia*, and whom he had inveſted with the Soveraignty of their reſpective Cities, (judging that the moſt likely Scheme to keep the *Greeks*, who were ſettled in *Aſia*, in Subjection to him, was to give the abſolute Government of their Towns to ſuch of the Natives who were his Creatures, and whoſe Power and Safety depended intirely on his own.) *Miltiades* was one of the Number to whom the Cuſtody of that Bridge was inſtruſted. He, having received repeated Intelligence, that the King's Affairs were in an ill Poſture, and that he was hard preſſed by the *Scythians*, addreſſed himſelf to the other Chiefs who were joined in the ſame Commiſſion with him, and admoniſhed them not to let ſlip an Occaſion, Fortune had put into their Hands, of reſtoring Freedom to all *Greece*. For, ſaid he, if *Darius* were cut off with the Forces he has tranſported with him, not *Europe* only, but that Part of *Aſia* too, whoſe Inhabitants are of *Greek* Extraction, would be ſet at Liberty from the Chains, and Inſults of the *Perſians*: This, continued he, might be effected with Eaſe by demoliſhing the Bridge, in Conſequence of which Action, the King and his whole Army muſt of Neceſſity either fall by the Sword, or periſh in a few Days for Want of Subſiſtance. When the

the Majority ſeemed inclinable to this Advice, *Hiſtiæus* of * *Miletos* oppoſed it, repreſenting to them, that their Intereſt, who were Princes, was very different from thoſe of the common People; their Authority being founded on that of *Darius*, his Deſtruction would put an End to their Rule, and probably expoſe them to the Revenge of their Countrymen, over whom he had placed them to govern. For this Reaſon, he was ſo far from agreeing to the Expedient propoſed, that he thought their true Policy was to ſtrengthen, as much as in them lay, the Dominion of the *Perſians*. When *Miltiades* obſerved this laſt Argument to prevail, not doubting but a Debate, to which ſo many had been privy, would at length be carried to the King's Ear, he withdrew from the *Cherſoneſe*, and retired to *Athens*. The Counſel he gave, though it proved unſucceſsful, ought nevertheleſs to be applauded, as it was a Mark of his publick Spirit, in preferring the general Liberty to his perſonal Command.

Darius, after his Return into *Aſia* from *Europe*, was adviſed by his Favourites to attempt the Reduction of *Greece*. In hopes to accompliſh this Deſign, he gave Orders for the Equipment of five hundred Sail of Ships, aboard which he embarked two hundred thouſand Foot and ten thouſand Horſe, the whole under the Command of *Datis* and *Antiphernis*. The Reaſon he alledged for this great Armament, was an Affront offered to him by

* *Hodie*, Melaſſo.

the

the *Athenians*, in aſſiſting the *Ionians*, in their Aſſault of *Sardis*, and putting the Garriſon he had placed there to the Sword. The Generals arriving with the Royal Navy before * *Eubœa*, attackt *Eretria* the Capital of that Iſland; took it, and ſent the Inhabitants into *Aſia* Priſoners to the King. After which, ſailing from thence, they made a Deſcent on the Country of *Attica*, and incamped in the Plain of *Marathon*, about ten Miles diſtant from *Athens*. The City alarmed with ſo numerous and formidable an Enemy juſt in their Neighbourhood, did not however apply for Troops to any of their Allies, except the *Lacedæmonians*. To theſe they ſent *Philippides*, one of thoſe Couriers they call Day-Poſts, to inform them of the Neceſſity they had of ſpeedy Succours. At the ſame time they created ten General Officers among themſelves: But theſe diſagreed in their Schemes, ſome declaring for an offenſive War, others thinking it more adviſable to act upon the defenſive only. *Miltiades* laboured all he could to bring them to a Reſolution forthwith to incamp, as the beſt Means to keep up the Hearts of the People, by ſhewing them their Courage was not diſtruſted; at the ſame time that it muſt abate the Confidence of the Enemy to find themſelves faced in the Field by ſuch inferior Numbers.

Not one City in all *Greece* ſent Aſſiſtance to the *Athenians* in this Diſtreſs, except the *Plataenſes*. From theſe they received a Reinforcement of a

* *Hodie*, Negropont.

thouſand

thouſand Men. With this Addition their Compliment was juſt ten thouſand. A ſmall, but a reſolute, Body, who longed with incredible Impatience to come to Action. *Miltiades* had therefore much more Sway with them than his Colleagues, whom they looked upon as too cautious. Induced by his Authority the *Athenians* marched their Troops without the Wall of the City to a convenient Camp that had been marked out for them: And the next Day, having been drawn up by him firſt in Order of Battle, at the Foot of a Mountain, and in a Line with it, after a new and uſeful Method, this little Army engaged the Enemy with great Fury. *Miltiades*, to prevent their being ſurrounded by the Horſe, had made ſuch a Diſpoſition, that his People were covered in the Rear by the Steepneſs of the Hills, and defended on the Flanks by Trees which he had cauſed to be laid up and down, and which would intangle the Cavalry as often as they advanced. *Datis*, although he was ſenſible of the Diſadvantage he had in the Ground, relying on his Odds in Number, was eager for attacking the *Athenians*, and the more ſo, becauſe the *Lacedæmonians* had not as yet joined them. Accordingly, having formed a grand Detachment of one hundred thouſand Foot, and ten thouſand Horſe from all his Forces, he began the Onſet. But the *Athenians* were ſo ſuperior in Courage to his Troops, that they intirely routed them, tho' ten times their Number, and ſtruck ſuch a *Panick* into the *Perſians*, that not thinking themſelves ſufficiently ſecured by retiring within their Intrench-

Intrenchments, they fled to their Ships. Never was any thing more glorious than this Battle, as certainly never one was gained by ſuch a Handful of Men againſt ſo mighty an Hoſt.

It may not ſeem an impertinent Remark to take notice here, What Kind of Reward was conferred on *Miltiades* after this important Victory. And, by reflecting on that, we ſhall more plainly ſee, that *The Nature of all popular Governments are alike.* For as in former times the publick Honours among the *Romans* were but ſlender, and thoſe too very ſparingly beſtowed, (which made them held in great Account, whereas now that they are given with Profuſion, and without Merit, they grow cheap and contemptible,) ſo we find it was juſt the ſame in the *Athenian* Common-wealth. This Great Man who had in one Day reſcued *Athens* and all *Greece* from Slavery, received no other Mark of Diſtinction, or Recompence for his Services, than what they call the *Honour of the* * *Gallery*, where, in the Picture which was ſet up of the Battle of *Marathon*, his Figure was placed the foremoſt of the ten Generals, drawn in the Act of exhorting the Soldiers, and giving the Signal to engage. Yet this very People, when their Dominions were enlarged, and they, by the Bribery and Intrigues of the Magiſtrates, fell afterwards into Corruption,

* *In this Gallery the* Stoick *Philoſophers held their publick Diſputations. It was called* Poecile *from the* Greek *Word* ποικίλον, various, *becauſe of the Variety of Paintings with which it was adorned.*

erected

erected no leſs than three hundred Statues to *Demetrius Phalereus*.

Upon the Succeſs of this Battle, the *Athenians* fitted out a Fleet of ſeventy Sail under the Command of *Miltiades*, whoſe Orders were to chaſtiſe thoſe Iſlands that had aided the * *Barbarians* in the late War. The greater Part returned to their Duty, but ſome obliged him to have Recourſe to Arms. Among theſe laſt was *Paros*, an Iſland grown wealthy and proud. When he found he was not likely to ſucceed there by Treaty, he landed his Men; drew a Line round the City to cut off their Proviſions; and then carried on his Approaches in Form. The Town was upon the Point of Surrendering, when a Grove, at ſome Diſtance on the Continent, but within View of the Iſland, by what Accident I know not, took Fire. The Beſiegers and Beſieged both imagined, as ſoon as they ſaw the Flames, it was a Signal given of the King's Fleet coming to the Relief of the Place. This encouraged the Citizens in holding out; and *Miltiades* too, being unwilling to run the Hazard of encountring a Royal Navy, burnt all the Works he had erected, and drawing off his Forces, returned home with the ſame Number of Ships he brought out; but to the great Offence of the Common-wealth. Accordingly he was accuſed of Treaſon, in raiſing the Siege, when he might, as they alledged, have taken the Town, had he not been corrupted by the King of *Perſia*'s Gold. He lay ill at that time of

* *The* Greeks *called all Foreigners, in general,* Barbarous.

the

the Wounds he had received before the Place, and being incapable of pleading for himself, his Brother *Tiſagoras* undertook to manage his Defence. The Tryal being ended, he was acquitted as to his Life, but ſentenced to defray the whole Expence of that Expedition, the Eſtimate of which amounted to fifty * Talents. As he was in no Condition to pay ſo large a Sum, they flung him into the publick Jayl, where he ended his Days.

But tho' this pretended Treachery at *Paros* was the Crime laid to his Charge, the real Cauſe of his Condemnation was quite different. The *Athenians*, in ſhort, after the Tyranny of *Piſiſtratus*, which was freſh in their Memories, grew jealous of any riſing Man among themſelves. And *Miltiades* had ſo long, and ſo often held the Reins of Empire, either as a General, or a Magiſtrate, that he ſeemed by a Kind of Habit inured to Ambition, and incapable of leading a private Life. For duduring the whole time, he reſided in the *Cherſoneſe*, his Government was abſolute there, and he ſtyled a Tyrant, (as all ſuch are, who in their ſingle Names exercise the ſupreme Command in Cities that were Republicks before,) tho' his Sovereignty was indeed a legal one, as not having been uſurped by Force, but obtained with the Conſent of his People, and ſupported by his own Juſtice, and Bounty. Behold then the Rock on which he ſplit! He was in his Nature ſo gentle and human in his Manners; ſo wonderfully civil and affable; (for

* *Each* Attick *Talent*, 48l. 7s. 10d.

the

the meaneſt Perſon might have Acceſs to him with Freedom,) he had eſtabliſhed ſo great an Intereſt with the neighbouring States; was ſo noble in his Extraction; and ſo renowned for his military Capacity; that his Country, conſidering all these Circumſtances, looked upon him as dangerous to their Freedom; and chose rather to ruin him, though innocent, than to live longer in Fear of his Popularity, and his Power.

THE

LIFE

OF

Cimon, the Younger.

CIMON, the Son of *Miltiades*, by Birth an *Athenian*, paſſed the firſt Years of his Youth under very great Hardſhips. For as the Father had been laid in Priſon on Account of a Fine he was unable to pay to the State, ſo the Weight of that Sentence fell, after his Death, upon the Son; who by the Laws of *Athens* was liable to the ſame Reſtraint, until he ſhould diſcharge the Debt. He had taken *Elpinice*, his own Siſter, in Marriage; a Marriage made not more after his own Heart, than according to the Cuſtoms of his Country: (For the Son and Daughter of one common Father are not excluded by the *Athenian* Ritual from being Man and Wife.) Now there was a Perſon named *Callias*, one diſtinguiſhed rather as a monied Man, than

than a Gentleman, having raised a great Fortune from his Mines, who was ambitious of matching with that Lady; and endeavoured to persuade *Cimon* to resign her, by offering, upon that Condition, to satisfy the whole Demand the Government had upon him. This Proposal he rejected with Scorn, but *Elpinice* declared, she could not bear the Thought that any of the Offspring of *Miltiades* should perish in a Jayl; and since it was in her Power to prevent it by consenting to marry this *Callias*, she would not refuse him her Hand, provided he performed the Engagement he had entered into on his Part.

Cimon, by these means being set at Liberty, soon came to be the Leading Man of that City. His Talents for Eloquence were very sufficient; he was liberal in the highest Degree; and had attained a great Skill in all Civil, as well as Military Affairs; in which last Profession he had been train'd up from a Child by his constant Attendance on his Father in the Wars. These Qualifications gave him a mighty Influence over the People, and made his Authority likewise much valued in the Army. His first Command, as General, was at the River *Strymon*, where he put to Flight the numerous Troops of the *Thracians*, and afterwards founded *Amphipolis* settling a Colony there of ten thousand *Athenians*. His next Success was in defeating and taking, off *Mycale*, a Fleet consisting of two hundred Sail of *Cypriots* and *Phœnicians*. The very same Day of which Engagement at Sea, he had another on Shoar with equal good Fortune: For as

ſoon as he had made himſelf Maſter of the Enemies Shipping, he landed his Men, and at one Rencounter overthrew the vaſt Forces of the *Barbarians*. As he was ſailing home with great Spoils, after this Victory, having received Intelligence that ſome of the Iſlands had revolted from their Obedience, by reaſon of their Preſſures from the Government, he confirmed in their Allegiance ſuch as he found well inclined; and obliged the Diſaffected to return to their Duty: Among theſe the *Dolopes*, who dwelt in *Scyros*, behaving themſelves ſomewhat mutinouſly, he cleared that Iſland of its old Inhabitants at once; dividing their Lands among his Countrymen. In the ſame manner the *Thaſians*, who were grown inſolent upon their Increaſe of Traffick and Riches, were ſoon humbled after his Arrival among them. And with the Money ariſing from the Sale of the Plunder he took in theſe ſeveral Occaſions, he repaired and beautified that Part of the Citadel of *Athens* which lies to the *South*.

When by a continued Series of Proſperity he was arrived to the higheſt Pitch of Glory, he fell at laſt into the ſame Envy and Diſgrace, which his Father, and all the great Men at *Athens* had experienced before him. For, notwithſtanding his Merit, he was condemned, (by a way of Voting they call an* Oſtracism) to a Baniſhment of ten Years; a Reſolution, which the *Athenians* regretted much ſooner than he did. For while he with the Conſtancy of a Man of Honour was ſupport-

* *So called, by their inſcribing their Votes on Shells.*

ing

ing himſelf againſt the Ingratitude of his Country, they were unluckily engaged in a War with the *Lacedæmonians*, and ſoon felt the Loſs of his known Valour and Abilities. Therefore in the fifth Year of his Exile they recalled him. And, as he had entertained a Commerce of Friendſhip with the People of *Lacedæmon*, he voluntarily undertook, upon this Occaſion, to make a Tour thither; where he negotiated and eſtabliſhed a Peace between thoſe two Common-wealths, who were ſuch powerful Rivals. Not long after this, he was ſent with a Fleet of two hundred Sale of Ships under his Command on an Expedition to *Cyprus*: But, juſt when he had ſubdued the greateſt Part of that Iſland, he fell into a Diſtemper, that proved Mortal to him, and died in a Town called *Citium*.

The *Athenians* found a ſenſible Want of this excellent Person for many Years: not only in the Times of War, but during the Seasons of Peace. For ſuch was the Generoſity of his Nature, that though he had Manours, and Gardens in ſeveral Places, he no where put in a Steward to reſtrain the free Use of what they produced; to which all People in common were welcome. He was always attended, wherever he walked, by Servants with Purses of Money, that he might be able to furniſh an immediate ſupply to the neceſſities of ſuch as asked of him, leſt by delaying he might ſeem to deny them his aſſiſtance. He has often, upon meeting one in the Streets who was in Rags, or ill-cloathed, parted with the Cloak from his own Shoulders to cover the Nakedneſs, or Poverty of

his Fellow-Citizen. And ſo great was the Plenty and Hospitality of his way of Entertaining at Home, that whomever he met in the *Forum*, that were not præ-engaged, he invited them to eat at his Table, and this not occaſionally, but every Day. His Credit, his Friendſhip, or his Fortune, was never wanting to any Man. The Living, many of them, were enriched by his Bounty; and even the Dead were obliged to his Charity: For, ſuch, who left not behind them wherewithal to bury them with Decency, had that office of Humanity performed to them at his Expence. No wonder then, if his Life, ſpent in the Exercise of ſo many Virtues, was for the moſt part Happy and Secure; as his Death, which became a general Misfortune, was universally lamented.

THE

THE

LIFE

OF

T. P. ATTICUS.

WITH

REMARKS.

By RICHARDSON PACK, *Esq;*

Fortuna ſævo læta Negotio,
Et ludum inſolentem ludere Pertinax,
Tranſmutat incertos Honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii Benigna.
Laudo Manentem. Si celeres quatit
Pennas, reſigno quæ dedit, et mea
Virtute me involvo———

Horat.

DUBLIN:

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PREFACE.

I Remember to have been once told in Converſation by the ingenious Father Van Eckt, *formerly Agent at the Court of* Barcelona *from that of* Duſſeldort, *of a Friend of his, an* Italian, *who had ſo perfect a Maſtery, both of the* Latin *and his Mother Tongue, that in a Tranſlation he made of the whole Volume of Lives writ by* Cornelius Nepos, *he was ſo far from committing any conſiderable Miſtake, that he did not find Occaſion, upon reviſing it afterwards, to alter any one Line or Expreſſion from what it was when it firſt fell from his Pen. My Abilities are, I confeſs, ſo very much inferior to the happy Skill of that learned Gentleman, that I freely declare it hath been a great deal longer before I could in any Degree ſatisfy my ſelf in the Verſion I attempted of this ſingle Life of* Atticus: *And, after peruſing it ſeveral times, and corrected many Faults that had eſcaped my Obſervation in the rough Draught; I muſt, I fear, ſtand indebted to the Candour of the Reader for pardoning many more that may ſtill deſerve his Cenſure. However, I am not without Hope that this Copy, imperfect as it is, may not be thought a Diſgrace to the Original. If I have not done all the Juſtice I deſired to my Author, I may venture, I believe,*

without Vanity to ſay, I have been leſs injurious to him than the * *three others who pretended before, to make him ſpeak* Engliſh *in Publick.*

There is one Objection which I foreſee will be made to this Performance by ſome verbal Criticks that I am ſo far from being in Pain about, that I value my ſelf for having taken a Method they will condemn: I mean, that in ſome Places I have rather paraphraſed than tranſlated. Not to mention the Difference of the Idioms, *and what Mr.* Locke *hath ſomewhere remarked, that,* There is ſcarce a Word in any one Language that is the Sign of a complex Idea, which can be rendered by a ſingle Term in another that ſhall exactly correſpond to it: *There are many things in antient Authors of which there needed only a Hint to be given to make them underſtood by their Contemporaries, that will require a Comment to convey them intelligibly to a modern Reader. This might be proved by ſeveral Inſtances which I could produce out of this little Book that lies before me. But without offering any thing elſe in my Defence, it is ſufficient I have the Authority of the celebrated Names of* Cowley, Sprat, *and* Dryden *to plead for my Practice; with whom I had much rather be thought to err, than receive the ſenſeleſs Applauſe of a thouſand ſtiff conceited* Scioliſts.

* Sir *M. Hale,* Mr. *Morgan,* and a late anonymous Tranſlator.

ODE,

To Major PACK,

UPON

Reading his excellent Tranſlation, and Remarks on the LIFE *of* POMPONIUS ATTICUS.

WHilſt we in vain our Iſle inflame,
To Virtue's fair Purſuit, you give.
To warm each Breaſt a *Roman* Name,
And teach us better how to live.

Who can thy *Atticus* explore,
Nor feel his Soul with Pity glow;
Who read the God-like Patriot o'er,
And longer live his Country's Foe?

ODE, *to Major* PACK.

Your Bosom panting after Fame
Disdains the Censures of your Isle;
Where to record a virtuous Name
Is not to please, but to revile.

Cou'd we thy *Roman*'s Love repeat
Inspir'd to pity human Woe;
The aking Heart would seldom beat,
The mournful Eye would never flow.

No Stream the Wretch's Sorrows fed,
But gave his Bosom equal Pain;
And each despairing Drop he shed,
Was answer'd with a Tear again.

Their adverse Fate the Virtuous bless,
Sure, from his Love, Relief to find;
Which, in his View, to give Distress,
Was almost deem'd to be more kind.

So much each Foe his Virtues charm,
So sure each wond'ring Breast subdue;
His Goodness blunts each Rival's Arm,
And leaves the Sword no more to do;

The

ODE, *to Major* PACK.

Tho' oft with Thoughts of Vengeance preſt,
The guilty Weapon to diſtain;
He bravely bares his naked Breaſt,
And urges *Rome* to ſtrike---- In vain.

In vain the Steel her Sons unſheath,
To bribe his Friendſhip, or remove;
Which boaſting Power to ſtop his Breath,
Yet wanted Force to ſhake his Love!

What Eaſe thy Pity muſt ſupply,
To exil'd Worth what Succour give;
Prompted by Fate, to ſink and die,
Inſpir'd by thee to riſe and live!

Thy Triumphs, *Cæſar*, wanted Charms,
Thy Lawrels, *Pompey*, ceas'd to bloom;
Since from each Warrior's guilty Arms,
His *Rome* was ſure to meet her Doom.

With pious Grief thoſe Wreaths he views,
Which round each Victor's Temples grow;
Aſſur'd that Arm which moſt ſubdues,
Was but his Country's greater Foe.

Tho'

ODE, *to Major* PACK.

Tho' fair to *Rome*, her Enſigns wave,
And flame ador'd along the Skies;
He thinks whose Blood their Tincture gave,
And calls away his aking Eyes.

Then, (moſt his Brav'ry to commend,)
He bids his gen'rous Bounty flow,
When to relieve a wretched Friend,
Was but to gain a certain Foe.

What Glory to your Monarch's Name,
Are you ordain'd by Heaven to bring;
Whose Sword ſo well can guard his Fame,
Whose Voice ſo well that Fame can ſing?

With both *Minervas* doubly bleſt,
A doubtful Transport you inſpire;
Concealing in one happy Breaſt
The Warrior's Flame, the Poet's Fire.

O ſtill fam'd Youth your ſelf exceed,
Your Country ſmiling to peruse
Her vanquiſh'd Rivals doubly bleed,
Both by your Sword, and in your Muse!

While

ODE, *to Major* PACK.

While to your happy ſhaded Brow
Each Power a diff'rent Wreath conveys;
The God of War his Lawrel Bough,
The God of Verſe his peaceful Bays.

What Tranſport does your Arm inſpire,
Your Voice what ſofter Paſſion move,
One, to awake the Warrior's Fire
And one to ſooth the Virgin's Love!

With Joy, thy *Roman*'s ſmiling Shade
Forgets his Bliſs; well pleas'd to ſee
His Fame and Worth ſo greatly paid,
By *Albion* read, and ſung by thee.

O! did each Breaſt thoſe Virtues feel
Thy Hero's Life, or Death diſplay;
What Monarch then cou'd draw his Steel,
What pious Subject not obey?

No Art thy *Albion* then wou'd try,
No other Force her Soveraign prove,
To tell how each on each rely,
But we our Smiles, and he his Love.

ODE, *to Major* PACK.

O may this ſoft, this laſt Debate,
At length compleat *Britannia*'s Reſt;
And each lament his kindeſt Fate,
Unleſs the other is as bleſt.

T. NEWCOMB.

THE

THE LIFE OF *Pomponius Atticus.*

Pomponius Atticus, deſcended from one of the moſt * ancient Families among the *Romans*, was of the *Equeſtrian* Order, which Dignity his Anceſtors had all along enjoyed. He was happy in a Father equally careful and indulgent; and one who, in the Account of thoſe Times, paſs'd for rich, but above all things remarkable for his Love of Letters: Who, as he had himſelf a

* *He derived his Pedigree from* Numa Pompilius, *the ſecond* Roman King, *one of whoſe Sons was called* Pompo, *from whence his Poſterity were ſtyled* Pomponii.

true

true Reliſh of Learning; was very diligent to have his Son inſtructed in all Kinds of Knowledge that were proper for his Years. The Boy, beſides a natural Docility, had a wonderful Sweetneſs in his Voice, and in his Mien, that rendered his Pronunciation and Delivery as graceful, as the Quickneſs of his Parts was ſurprizing. Theſe Promiſes of a ſhining Genius made him looked upon even at School with a Diſtinction, that gave no ſmall Uneaſineſs to the generous Youths who were his Fellow-Pupils: Tho' their Emulation no way leſſened their Affection towards him. Of that Number were *Lucius Torquatus*, *Caius Marius* the Son, and *Marcus Cicero*: All whom he ſo far engaged by his agreeable Manners in thoſe earlier Acquaintances of Life, that no one was ever after dearer to them in the whole Courſe of their Fortunes.

He loſt his Father betimes: And ſoon after, in the Civil Diſſentions in which *Publius Sulpitius* the Tribune of the People was put to Death, he himſelf was in Danger, tho' then very young, to have ſhared the ſame Fate by Reason of his Relation to him; *Anicia* a Couſin-German to *Pomponius*, having married *Marcus Servius* the Brother of *Sulpitius*. Alarmed therefore with what befel his Kinsman, and obſerving afterwards the Confuſions in which *Cinna*'s Faction had involved the City; and finding he could not hope, during ſuch Commotions, to live with Dignity and Ease at Home, but that, while *Cinna*'s and *Sylla*'s different Intereſts divided the Common-wealth, he muſt unavoida-

bly

bly offend either the one Party or the other; he judged it to be a fit Season for him to prosecute his former Studies, and to that end removed himself to *Athens*: Not that in those doubtful Times he denied his Help to any of his Friends who were under the Displeasure of the Government; of which *Marius* was an Inſtance: Whom he ſupported with Money in his Flight, after he had been declared an Enemy to his Country by those in Power. However, that his own domeſtick Concerns might receive no Detriment by his Reſidence abroad, he transported the greateſt Part of his Effects with him. Here his generous way of living deservedly gained him an universal Eſteem among the *Athenians*. For, not to mention the Service his personal Credit, which was already grown very conſiderable in the World, might do them, he more immediately obliged them by frequently relieving the Poverty of their publick Stock out of his wealthier private one. Thus whenever any ſudden Demand was made upon them for Money they owed, and they could not raise the Sum but upon unequal Conditions, he never failed to interpose his Aſſiſtance: However, it was upon these expreſs Terms; that as he would require no Intereſt for what he lent them, ſo they ſhould oblige themselves to be punctual in the Payment. In both which he really consulted their Advantage: As he neither encouraged them in a Negligence of their Affairs by ſuffering them to run in Arrear; nor plunged them ſtill deeper in Debt by loading them with Usury. To these kind Offices he added

ded another Piece of Liberality by giving to each Citizen a Bounty of Wheat of ſix Buſhels, which Meaſure they call a *Medimnus* in their Language.

His Deportment in this Place was with that eaſie Grandeur, that he ſeemed at once upon a Level with the Loweſt, and yet an Equal with the Higheſt. In return, they ſtudied every Way to do him all imaginable publick Honours; and, among other Marks of their Reſpect, addreſſed him to accept of his Freedom. But he declined that Favour, because he knew it was the Opinion of ſome People, that a *Roman* Citizen forfeited the Privileges of that Title, upon his being admitted a Denizen in any foreign Town. He perpetually oppoſed, ſo long as he continued here, the ſetting up his Statue; but could not prevent it, after his Departure: And there were ſome erected in Memory of him, and of * *Pilia*, in the Places of their moſt ſolemn Worſhip. For they had in a manner revered him as their Oracle; had conſulted his Advice, and relied chiefly upon his Management in the Adminiſtration of all their publick Buſineſs. It may certainly be reckoned among the principal Bleſſings of Fortune to him, that he was born in that City which was the Miſtreſs of the World; that the Seat of univerſal Empire was his Mother

* *The Learned are very much at Variance in determining who this Perſon was, but as the Wife of* Atticus *was named* Pilia, *many Interpreters have thought it was to her the* Athenians *paid this Compliment.*

Earth:

Earth: And it is as great a Mark of his Prudence that when he became an Inhabitant in that Univerſity and Common-wealth, which for Antiquity, Politeneſs and Learning, excelled all others, he was no leſs eminent in their Affection, and in their Eſteem.

When *Sylla* arrived here, in his Return from *Aſia*, he conſtantly during his Stay made the young *Pomponius* his Gueſt, charmed with the Sweetneſs of his Temper, and his Accompliſhments in Learning. For he had the *Greek* Language ſo familiar to him, that one would have almoſt thought *Athens* to have been the Place of his Birth: But yet when he ſpoke the *Roman*, there was a Propriety and Beauty in his Expreſſion that was not to be acquired, and plainly diſcovered it ſelf to be natural. His Rehearſals too in Poetry either *Latin* or *Greek* were with a Juſtneſs of Cadence, and an Elegance of Pronunciation that nothing could exceed. Upon these Accounts his Person grew ſo admired, and his Converſation ſo coveted by *Sylla*, that he would ſcarce ever ſuffer him to be out of his Company; and he endeavoured by all the Arguments he could use to engage him in his Expedition. But to all his Perſwaſions and Offers *Pomponius* made him no other than this modeſt Reply; "Do not, Sir, I "beseech you, urge me to take up Arms againſt "those, whom I abandoned, and *Italy* too, only, "that I might not be obliged to ſerve with them "againſt you." *Sylla* accepting his Excuſe, and acknowledging his Compliment, gave Order, upon

on his Departure, that all the Presents the City had made him ſhould be ſent to *Atticus*.

He continued in this voluntary Exile here for many Years; and though he was no indiligent Manager of his Fortune, and what Time he could ſpare from his Application to that was generally given to the Pleaſures of Study, or taken up in Conſultations and Buſineſs relating to the *Athenian* State, yet he found many Opportunities to perform very important Services to his Friends on the ſuffering Side. He frequently aſſiſted at their private Rendesvouz; and was never wanting to them in any Exigence; as was ſeen in the Caſe of *Cicero*, to whom he ſhewed an inviolable Fidelity in all his Misfortunes; and ſent him at one time, upon his being obliged to fly his Country, two hundred and fifty thouſand * Seſterces. The Affairs of *Italy* being at laſt compoſed, and Peace reſtored, he returned to *Rome* in the Conſulſhip, as I remember, of *Lucius Cotta* and *Lucius Torquatus*. But he was ſo regretted at *Athens*, that the Day he left it looked like a Day of general Mourning there, the whole City witneſſing by their Tears the Senſe they had of their future Loſs.

He had an Uncle, one *Quintus Cæcilius*, a *Roman* Knight, a mighty Friend of *Lucius Lucullus*, rich, but of a Nature the hardeſt in the World to

* *A thouſand Seſterces is computed to be* 7*l.* 16*s.* 3*d. of our Money.*

be

be pleased. The Moroseneſs of this old Man, which ſcarce any one else could bear, he ſubmitted to with that Deference and Observance, as to keep himself in his good Graces, without having once disobliged him, to the laſt: And accordingly he reaped the Fruit of his Piety. For *Cæcilius* on his Death-Bed appointed him by his Will, Heir to three Fourths of his Eſtate, by which Succeſſion he gained ten Millions of Seſterces.

The Sifter of *Atticus* was married to *Quintus Tullius Cicero*. This Match had been brought about by *Marcus Cicero*, with whom *Atticus* had lived, from the time of their being School-fellows, in the ſtricteſt Union, and with much more Familiarity than with *Quintus*: By which it may appear, that Similitude of Manners is of greater Force, than Affinity, in Friendſhip. There was likewise that Intimacy between him and *Hortenſius*, the moſt celebrated Orator of that Age, that it was doubtful which of the two, *Cicero* or *Hortenſius*, loved him beſt: And, what was very extraordinary, he by his good Offices effected that in them, between whom there was ſo great an Emulation of Praise, there was not the leaſt Envy of Succeſs, but a perfect Agreement between the illuſtrious Rivals.

With Regard to the Common-wealth his Conduct was ſuch, as gave him the Reputation of adhering, as he really did, always to the right Side: Not that he would ever embark in any Party-Adventures

ventures whatsoever; declaring, that he thought a Man to be as little his own Maſter, who had once launched out on the Waves of Ambition, as he was, who lay beating on those at Sea. And for this Reason he never ſtood Candidate for any publick Poſt or Employment, though he might very well have pretended to them upon Account both of his Intereſt, and of his Birth. But the Conſtitution had been broken, and Bribery was grown ſo barefaced, that those Offices could not be obtained without Violation of the Laws, nor exercised with Integrity (ſo depraved were the Morals of the People) without Danger to the Person. To the publick Sales he came not. The publick Revenues he neither farmed himself; nor would he be bound for any who did. He never openly or privately accused any Man. Contention was what he hated; and he was never known either to be Plaintiff in a Cause of his own, or Defendant at the Suit of another. Though he accepted the Lieutenancies that had been offered him by ſeveral Consuls, and Prætors, he would follow none of them into their Provinces: Content with the Honour of the Commiſſion, he deſpised the Profit of it: Nor would he even accompany his Relation *Quintus Cicero*, when he went Prætor into *Aſia*, though he might have obtained the Rank of a Legate or General Officer there; thinking it below him, who could not be tempted with the Vanity of commanding in chief, to act under the Direction of another. And in this he not only consulted his Dignity, but his Quiet; avoiding thereby all Suſpicions

Suspicions of Guilt, or Corruptions: While, at the ſame time, the Court he made to any one was the better received, ſince it was known, his Profeſſions of Service were ſincere, and not owing either to his Hopes, or to his Fears.

He was about ſixty, when *Cæſar*'s Civil War firſt broke out. He had therefore the Exemption of old Age to plead, and did not ſtir at all from the City. Such however, of his Friends who left the Town to follow *Pompey*'s Fortune, he furniſhed with whatever they wanted at his own Expence; and that General was not in the leaſt offended that he did not personally attend him. For he had laid no Obligations upon *Atticus*, as he had on many others, whom he advanced to Riches and Honours in the Common-wealth, ſome of whom followed him into the Field very unwillingly, while the reſt incurred his Displeasure by remaining Neuters at Home. On the other ſide, this his Inaction was ſo acceptable to *Cæſar*, that when, after his Victory, he levied by his mandatory Letters certain Sums from ſeveral particular Persons, he not only gave *Atticus* no Trouble of that Kind; but releaſed, in Compliment to him, his Nephew, and *Quintus Cicero*, whom he had taken Prisoners in *Pompey*'s Camp. Thus by keeping ſteady to his old Maxims, he freed himself from new Difficulties, and new Dangers.

In the Revolution that ſucceeded *Cæſar*'s Death, when the Government was in the Hands of *Bru-*

tus

tus and *Caſſius*, and the whole City ſeemed to turn their Eyes upon his Conduct, he was in ſuch Favour with *Brutus*, as that young Nobleman lived not more familiarly with any of his Equals in Years than with this old Gentleman; and not only used him as his Counsellor on ſerious and weighty Occaſions, but always made him a Party in his more pleasurable Converſation. There had been a Project ſet on foot at that time by ſome People to raise a private Bank among the *Roman* Knights as a Reward to the Aſſaſſinators of *Cæſar*. This they thought might be eaſily brought about, if the principal Members of that Order gave into the Scheme: Accordingly *Atticus* was closetted by *Caius Flavius* the Confidant of *Brutus*, and told, it would much encourage the Contribution, if he would begin the Subscription. He, who always thought the Services one did one's Friends ſhould be done without any View to Faction, and abhorred all ſuch Counsels, replied, that if *Brutus* wanted any Supply that he could afford him, he might freely use his Purse: But for the other Demand, he would neither consent to it himself, nor would he endeavour to perswade any one else to comply with it. Thus by the Breath of this ſingle Man that whole Confederacy was diſſolved at once. Nor was it long before the Scene changed, and *Anthony* became ſuperior; ſo that *Brutus* and *Caſſius* finding the Affairs in their Provinces (which for Form Sake the Consuls had committed to them) in a desperate Condition, betook themselves to Flight. *Atticus* who would never enter into an Aſſociation

Aſſociation as many others did to provide an Eſtabliſhment for that Party while it was flouriſhing; now *Brutus* was in Disgrace, and obliged to quit *Italy*, he ſent him a Present of one hundred thousand Seſterces: And at another time made him a Remittance to *Epirus* of three hundred thousand more. Nor did he pay his Adoration to the riſing, any more than he turned his Back upon the ſetting Sun.

After this followed the Battle of *Mutina*. And here if I barely ſtyle him prudent, I ſhould give him too mean a Character, who might ſeem rather inspired: (if a perpetual natural Goodneſs, which no Accidents could increaſe, or diminiſh, may deſerve that Appellation.) *Anthony* is now adjudged an Enemy to his Country; he abandons all *Italy*; there appear not the leaſt Hopes of his Reſtoration. Not only his Enemies, who were very numerous, and they very powerful, but even his Friends (ſuch I mean who lately had been ſo) conspired in his Ruin; every one making a Kind of Merit of their Hatred to him. All who were known to have been in any Degree of Confidence with him are proſecuted: His Wife is in Danger of being despoiled of her Eſtate; his Children are threatned with Deſtruction. Well! how doth *Atticus* behave on this Occaſion? He had always lived in the moſt intimate Familiarity with *Cicero*, and had the higheſt Eſteem, and Kindneſs for *Brutus*; yet was he ſo far from indulging their Revenge againſt *Anthony*, that, on the contrary, he concealed ma-

ny of his Partiſans, till they could make their Escape; and aſſiſted them in all their Neceſſities: In particular, *Publius Volumnius* met with ſuch Uſage at his hands, that he could not have expected or deſired more from a Father. And for *Fulvia*, the Wife of *Anthony*, who was detained in Town by ſome Law-Buſineſs ſhe had depending, the doubtful Iſſue of which made her extremely anxious, he was very active on her Behalf, and performed many ſignal Services to her. He appeared for her frequently at the Courts of Judicature, and was her Bail in every Action that was commenced againſt her. Nor was this all. She had, in her more proſperous Circumſtances, agreed for the Purchaſe of certain Lands, and entered into Articles for Payment of the Money at a Day appointed; but, after the Calamity that befel her Family, ſhe was in no Condition to raiſe it: Upon this *Atticus* interpoſed, and advanced her the neceſſary Sums without Intereſt, or any Conſideration whatever: Eſteeming it the greateſt Gain to enjoy the Reputation of a grateful Mind, and to convince the World it was the Man and not his Fortune, to whom he was a Friend. Nor could any one imagine that he had any other View at that Juncture. For there was not the leaſt Colour to believe that *Anthony* would once more be at the Head of Affairs. However, this his univerſal Tenderneſs was reprehended by ſome warm Patriots as a Remiſſneſs in his Country's Cauſe, and a Want of Zeal rather than an Exceſs of Charity. But it was a Rule he had laid down to himſelf, to

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conſider leſs the Popularity than the Principle of his Actions; and while they were conſiſtent with his own Honour, he little valued the Cenſure or Applauſe of other Men.

On a ſudden there was a Reverſe of Fortune. Upon *Anthony*'s Return into *Italy*, every one believed *Atticus* to be in imminent Danger, becauſe of his known Inclinations to *Cicero* and *Brutus*. Accordingly, upon the Arrival of the Generals, he left the *Forum*, and, not doubting but he ſhould be in the Number of the Proſcribed, he privately withdrew to the Houſe of *Publius Volumnius*, whoſe Obligations to him I mentioned a little above, (for ſo various and ſudden were the Changes in thoſe Times, that the ſame Perſons who were juſt before in the Height of Power, ſhould ſoon after perhaps be in Danger of their Lives) and carried with him *Quintus Gellius Canius*, one his Equal in Years, and the likeſt to him in Character. This too may ſerve as a Proof of the well-natured and even Diſpoſition of *Atticus*, that the ſame Perſon, who had been his Companion at School, was the Friend of his riper Age, their Affection ſtill increaſing with their Years. But although *Anthony* had ſuch an implacable Reſentment againſt *Cicero*, that he was not only an Enemy to him, but to every one elſe who had been his Friend, and ſeemed reſolved to include them all in the ſame Proſcription; yet upon the many Repreſentations that were made to him in Behalf of *Atticus*, he was not unmindful of his late good Offices; and,

inquiring where he might direct to him, writ him upon the Spot a Letter with his own Hand, requiring his immediate Attendance, and aſſuring him of his Protection to him and *Gellius Canius*, both whom he ſtruck out of the fatal Liſt; and, to prevent any Miſtake or Inſult, it being then Night, he ordered a Guard for their ſafe Conduct. Thus was *Atticus* delivered from a very terrible Apprehenſion; and his Virtue was not only a Defence to himſelf, but to his Friend likewiſe, whoſe Safety he had as much at Heart. Nor did he ever indeed in any of the ſad Cataſtrophes that were ſo frequent in thoſe Days, ſeek out a Shelter from the Storm for himſelf alone: As if he had judged, the good Fortune that is ſolitary to be but Happineſs at halves. If then the Pilot deſerves Commendation, who through wintry Weather, and rocky Seas conveys his Veſſel intire into Port, What ſingular Prudence muſt his be thought, who in thoſe tempeſtuous Seaſons of the State, when Dangers threatned the wary Politician from every ſide, could yet ſteer through ſuch jarring Intereſts, and make the Voyage of Life not only without Shipwreck, but with Succeſs!

Having thus extricated himself out of these Difficulties, he made it his only Study to be useful to those who were ſtill labouring under the like. And, as the Government had ſet a Price upon the Heads of the Proſcribed, the more to encourage the common People to a Diſcovery of those unhappy Perſons; ſuch of them who hath taken Re-

fuge in *Epirus* were by his Direction ſupplied with all neceſſary Proviſion, and were at full Liberty to remain there while it ſhould be with their Convenience. His Procedure was the ſame after the Battle of *Philippi*, and the Death of *Caius Caſſius* and *Marcus Brutus*, when he took under his Protection *Lucius Julius Mocilla* and his Son, with *Aulus Torquatus*, and ſeveral others of the unfortunate ſide, giving Orders for tranſporting to *Samothrace* from *Epirus* whatever they wanted for their Subſiſtance. It would be endleſs to enumerate the the particular Benefits he did of this Kind. Let it ſuffice to take notice in general, that his Liberality was neither lukewarm, nor temporizing. The very Occaſions on which he exerciſed it, plainly evince that he had no Pride in boaſting his Services to the Great; but his Pleaſure lay in ſuccouring the Diſtreſſed. Among many other Examples *Servilia* the Mother of *Brutus* is a remarkable one whom he treated with the ſame Regard after the Death of her Son, as when he was in the midſt of his Triumphs. Thus Bountiful and Generous, it was impoſſible he ſhould live long at Variance with any Man: Who never injured any one himſelf, and when others had wronged him, ſtudied rather to forget than revenge it. The Beauty of his Character will appear the ſame, if we behold it in an oppoſite Light: Where we ſhall find, that the Civilities, or Favours he at any time met with were laid up in everlaſting Remembrance; while thoſe he had beſtowed were no longer thought on by him, than the Gratitude of the Receiver put

him in mind of his Benefactions. It is an old and a true Saying, that *Our Manners make our Fortune.* And indeed he muſt have taken much more Pains about himſelf than his Fortune, who was ſo finiſhed and ſo faultleſs in all Reſpects.

It was in Conſideration of theſe noble Qualities that *Marcus Viſpanius Agrippa*, the Favourite of young *Cæſar*, who by his own Pretenſions, as well as the powerful Recommendation of *Octavius*, might have matched himſelf into any the richeſt or the greateſt Family in *Rome*, preferred the Alliance of *Atticus* to them all, and choſe a private Gentlewoman, the Daughter of a *Roman* Knight to make his Wife. The Perſon who concerted this Marriage (for I think that ought by no means to be paſſed over in Silence) was *Mark Anthony*, one of the *Triumvirate* for modelling the Commonwealth; in whom though he had then gained ſuch an Intereſt, as that he might have enlarged his Fortune to what Degree he could wiſh, yet was he ſo far from entertaining any mercenary Thoughts, that he made no other Uſe of it, than to ſcreen his Friends from the Dangers and Inconveniencies to which they had expoſed themſelves. This was very notorious in that Proſcription. The *Triumvirate* had confiſcated and condemned to Sale, after the uſual Way Things were then managed, the Eſtate of *Lucius Saufeius* an old *Roman* Knight, who was poſſeſſed of Lands of great Value in *Italy*, but, led by the Study of Philoſophy, had for many Years lived at *Athens*. *Atticus* by his Diligence

gence and Addreſs ſollicited that Affair ſo happily, that the ſame Meſſenger, who was ſent to inform *Sanſeius* with the Loſs, carried him the News of the Recovery of his Patrimony. It was alike owing to his officious Induſtry that *Lucius Julius Calidius*, (who, I may ſay without Flattery, was the beſt Poet our Age could boaſt after the Death of *Lucretius* and *Catullus*, and no leſs deſervedly eſteemed for his Integrity, and every other valuable Quality) was reſtored to the Enjoyment of a large Eſtate in *Africa* that had been taken from him in his Absence, when, after the Proſcription had run through the *Equeſtrian* Order, his Name too was carried in by *Publius Volumnius* General of the *Engineers* to *Anthony*. Whether this Attempt was more difficult, or more glorious in *Atticus* is hard to determine: But this is certain, he was the ſame in all Places; and abſent or preſent his Friends might ſecurely rely upon his Care whenever they ſtood in need of it.

Nor was his Prudence leſs worthy to be imitated in his Domeſtick, than his Virtues to be admired in his Civil Life. Though he was known always to be a vaſt monied Man, yet no one was more cautious in purchaſing, or leſs expenſive in Building. It is true, he was as well lodged as moſt People were, and had every thing about him befitting a Perſon of his Rank. For he lived in the Seat on the *Quirinal* Hill that his Uncle had left him: A Seat the Pleaſure of which indeed conſiſted not ſo much in

the Apartments within Doors, as in the Beauty of a Wood which lay adjoining to it: (For the House it ſelf, it was old, and the Architecture discovered more of Contrivance than Coſt; and he contented himself barely with keeping it up as he found it, adding nothing but the neceſſary Reparations) As to his Attendants, if we ſhould judge of Servants by their Uſefulneſs, his were the beſt chosen that could be; but to regard the Show only, his Equipage made but a very ſlender Appearance. It conſiſted chiefly of Youths who had been all inſtructed in Letters, and were either excellent Readers, or skilful *Amanuenſes*; infomuch that he had ſcarce a Footman, who could not perform either of these Duties tolerably well. He was no leſs curious in relation to the Artificers he employed in his Works; who were all Maſters in their ſeveral Trades, and, what was more extraordinary, there was no one among them who had not been born in his House, and trained up there to his reſpective Handicraft. This kind of Management ſhewed him to be alike an Enemy to Vanity and Idleneſs. For as his Indifference about thoſe Ornaments of Life in which others place their greateſt Diſtinction, was an Inſtance of his Philoſophy; ſo this Oeconomy in providing at home thoſe Things for which he muſt have paid a far greater Price abroad, was an Argument of his Diligence. Upon the whole, he appeared in his Way of Living; Elegant rather than Magnificent; Splendid but not Gaudy; Neat to a Degree of Niceneſs, and yet carefully avoiding all manner of Superfluity. His Furniture was

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ſuch as was decent: Nothing wanting, nor any thing that looked crowded. I muſt not omit upon this Occaſion to acquaint the Reader (though to ſome perhaps it may ſeem trifling to mention it) that notwithſtanding he kept at leaſt as good a House as any Man of his Quality in *Rome*, and invited to his Table Perſons of all Conditions with a very liberal Hoſpitality, yet his Expence upon that Head did not amount to above three thouſand * Aſſes *per* Month. I can affirm this with Aſſurance, because I have ſeen the Diary that he kept, and was thoroughly acquainted, by reaſon of our Intimacy, with all his Family Concerns.

His Gueſts were, during their Meals, entertained, inſtead of Interludes or Conſorts, with ſome agreeable Lecture by one of those Youths, whom he kept in his Service for that Purpose. And we were wont to think it no ſmall Addition to our Welcome, to have our Minds thus feaſted as well as our Palates. For in this too he ſhewed his Skill, that the Company he chose at those Hours were of a Taſte not different from his own. When he received ſo great an Addition to his Circumſtances by the Death of his Uncle, there was not the leaſt Alteration in his ordinary Method of Living. The Figure he made was far from being obſcure, when he had only the † two Millions left him by his Father: Nor did he appear with greater Affluence, after he was Maſter, by that other Succeſſi-

* 10*l.* 18*s.* 9*d.* in our Money. † *Seſterces.*

on, of ten Millions more. He ſtood upon an equal Height in both Fortunes. He had no fine Gardens, no ſumptuous Villas in the Neighbourhood of the Town, nor Houſes of Pleaſure adjoining to the Sea, nor any Land at all in *Italy* but two Farms, one at *Ardea*, the other at *Nomentum*. His Revenue conſiſted wholly of his Rents in *Epirus*, and his Houſes in the City. By which we may ſee, he valued an Eſtate more by the Fruit it produced, than by the Number or Largeneſs of it's Branches.

He had a mighty Veneration for Truth. And as he was never guilty of telling a Lye himſelf, ſo he deteſted that Vice in any body elſe. His Mirth therefore was not without a Mixture of Severity; as his Gravity on the other ſide was always tempered with Good-Breeding. So that one could hardly ſay whether he was more beloved, or revered by his Friends. His Word might always be depended upon as ſacred: For he never gave it, but when he might be ſure religiouſly to obſerve it: Looking upon it as a Sign of a light, rather than a liberal Mind to promiſe what one was not able to perform. He was of indefatigable Induſtry, in ſolliciting any Matter that was recommended to his Care; and when once he undertook it, from that Moment he looked upon it as his own Buſineſs; and, as if his Reputation, (than which nothing could be dearer to him) lay at Stake in the Affair, he could not reſt till he had accompliſhed it. For this Reaſon, the two *Ciceros*, *Marius*, *Cato*, *Quintus Hortenſius*,

tenſius, *Aulus Torquatus*, and ſeveral other *Roman* Knights intruſted him as their General Agent. By this too we may obſerve, that it was not out of Sloth, or Incapacity, but from Caution, and Judgment, that he declined all publick Employments.

Of his Humanity and Politeneſs, no greater Teſtimony can be brought than this, that he rendered himſelf agreeable to all Ages, and all Tempers; alike acceptable to *Sylla*, and to *Brutus*: Though he was but a Youth when the firſt was an old Man, and an old Man himſelf, when the other was in the Pride and Bloom of his Life. It is no Wonder then, that he was the Delight and Darling of thoſe Friends who were his Equals in Years, and bred up in a long Acquaintance with him, as *Quintus Hortenſius*, and *Marcus Cicero* were; the laſt of whom had ſo intire an Affection for him, that his own Brother *Quintus Tullius Cicero* was ſcarce dearer to him, or had a freer Admittance to his inmoſt Thoughts. Of this, beſides thoſe other Books that are publiſhed, in which he makes ſuch frequent Mention of him, his Letters are a Proof; whereof there are ſixteen Volumes all addreſſed to *Atticus*, containing an Account of the moſt conſiderable Tranſactions and Occurrences from his Conſulſhip to his Death. In theſe he hath ſo fully ſet forth the Aims of the Leaders of the different Parties, the Corruptions and Faults of the Generals and Commanders, the true Springs from whence the ſeveral Revolutions in the Com-

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mon-wealth took their firſt Motion, that whoever reads them will not be much at a Loſs for any other Hiſtory of thoſe Times; and muſt acknowledge the vaſt Penetration, nay, Foreſight of the Author. For *Cicero* hath not only with great Exactneſs gueſſed at Events that might be ſaid to be in Train during his Life, but with a kind of prophetick Spirit foretold Events that but very lately came to paſs, and lay then hid in the diſtant Scenes of Futurity.

Of his Piety to his Relations I need ſay no more, than what I heard him very juſtly valuing himſelf upon at the Funeral of his Mother (whom he buried in her ninetieth Year when he himſelf was in his ſixty ſeventh) "That he never was once in "Diſgrace with her, or in Diſpleaſure againſt his "Siſter" (who was of very near the ſame Age with himſelf) This is a Sign, that either no Cauſe of Complaint had ever fell out between them, or elſe that he was ſo indulgent towards them, as to think it a kind of Crime to be angry with thoſe whom Nature had taught him to love. Nor was this the Effect of Nature only in him (though ſhe governs in a great Meaſure our Wills) but of Reflection. For he had ſo thoroughly digeſted the Precepts of the beſt Philoſophers, that they became the conſtant Rule of his Practice, and were much more the Ornament of his Life, than of his Diſcourſe.

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He was a great Observer of the Manners of our Anceſtors, and very ſtudious of Antiquity, of which he made himſelf perfectly Maſter, as may be ſeen by those exact chronological Tables he hath left us in his * Titles of Honour. For there is not any Law, or Peace, or War, or remarkable Tranſaction whatever of the *Roman* People that is not there taken notice of, and ranged in its proper Order of Time; and, what was very difficult, he hath ſo interwoven the Genealogies of Families that one may there ſee the Lineage of every great Man he mentions. He did this likewise apart in other Books for the Use of particular Friends; as the Pedigree of the *Junian* Family at the Requeſt of *Marcus Brutus*: Noting from whom each Perſon, from its firſt Origin to this preſent Age, was deſcended; what Employments he had been honoured with in the Common-wealth, and the Year in which he had born them. In the ſame Manner, he went through the Races of the *Marcelli*, the *Cornelii*, the *Fabii*, and the *Æmilii*. Nothing can be more entertaining than theſe little Memoirs to any who are curious in their Inquiries after great Men. He hath touched too a little upon Poetry, juſt ſo far as that he might not, I ſuppoſe, be a Stranger to its Harmony. For he hath given us in Verſe the Character of ſuch of our Countrymen who had eminently diſtinguiſhed themſelves by

* In eo Volumine, quo Magiſtratus ornavit. *A verbal Tranſlation would appear very ſtiff, and the Title I have given his Book ſeems fully to take in the Deſign of it.*

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their civil, or military Virtues; and this in the Compass only of four or five Verses placed under their Images: So that it seems scarce credible such a Variety could be contained in so small a Space. He was the Author of another Book writ in the *Greek* Tongue, being an Account of the Consulship of *Cicero*.

Thus far I had gone in my Relation while *Atticus* was yet alive. But since it hath been my Fate to survive him, I shall add some Particulars more to what I had already published, and illustrate still farther the Truth of that Maxim I mentioned above, *That our Manners do* (for the most part) *make our Fortunes*. Nor can there be produced a more memorable Example of this than in the very Person of whom we now write. For though he never did aspire to any higher Title than that of Knighthood to which he was born, yet he lived to see himself honoured with the Alliance of *Octavius Cæsar* Heir to the Emperor *Julius*, to whose Acquaintance and Familiarity he had before been recommended meerly by his Elegance of Life, for which * *Cæsar* was so conspicuous, as by that to have won to his Interests all the great Men in *Rome*, of equal Quality, though less successful Ambition. (For such a Tide of Prosperity flowed in upon *Octavius*, that Fortune denied him no Favours, that she had ever granted to any of her Votaries, and conferred on him all the Honours that a *Roman*

* *He was not stiled* Augustus *till some Years after.*

Citizen

Citizen could possibly attain.) Now there was born to *Atticus* by his Daughter, the Wife of *Agrippa*, a Grand-Child of the same Sex. *Cæsar*, when this little one was scarce a Year old, affianced her to *Tiberius Claudius Nero* his Son-in-Law by * *Livia Drusilla*. And this Match gave a Sanction to their Amity, and made their Intercourse more frequent and familiar.

Not but *Cæsar*, before these Espousals, both in his Retirements from the Town, constantly entertained *Atticus* by every Messenger he sent thither, with a Journal of his Amusements, and more particularly of his Studies; describing to him the Places too of his Residence, and giving him an Account what time he proposed to stay in any of

* *This Lady was the Wife of* Tiberius Nero, *who yielded her up to the Entreaties or Authority of* Octavius, *when she was big with Child by himself, and within three Months of the time of her being delivered of* Drusus, *who was born afterwards in* Octavius's *House. The Priests gave a Dispensation for this Marriage,* Octavius *having divorced his Wife* Scribonia *for her insupportable Temper: and it appears, that the good Man* Tiberius Nero *was well satisfied too in the Matter: For when he died, which was soon after the new Consummation, he appointed* Octavius *by his Will Guardian to his two Sons, namely,* Tiberius Claudius Nero *(mentioned here by* Nepos) *and* Drusus *the other, who was born three Months after he had consented to part with his Wife. They were Youths of extraordinary natural Endowments, and had, by the Care and Fondness of* Augustus, *the Advantage of the most refined Education. Their noble Atchievements in the War they managed against the* Grisons, *the* Swissers, *and* Bavarians, *are celebrated by several Authors, and gave Occasion to those two sublime Odes of* Horace, *the 4th and 14th of the Fourth Book.*

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them: But even when he was at *Rome*, and, by reaſon of his infinite Engagements in Buſineſs, could not enjoy, ſo often as he wiſhed, the Converſation of his Friend, he ſcarce let a Day eſcape in which he did not write to him; either to demand his Reſolution of ſome Point of Antiquity; or perhaps propoſing to him ſome Queſtion in Poetry; or elſe by the facetious Style of his own Letters inviting him into the larger Fields of Humour and Wit. It was owing likewiſe to this Freedom of Commerce in which *Cæſar* indulged him, that the Temple of *Jupiter Feretrius*, founded in the Capitol by *Romulus*, is in the good Order we at preſent behold it, *Octavius* having, upon the Admonition of *Atticus*, repaired it, after the Roof was uncovered, and the whole Building through Age or Neglect in a manner dilapidated. Nor was he leſs favoured with the Correſpondence of *Anthony*: Who, in whatever Part of the World, though never ſo remote, he happened to be, informed him with the greateſt Exactneſs of his Intentions and Actions. Now how nice muſt the Conduct of that Man be, who could thus not only keep up the Acquaintance, but preſerve the Good-will, nay, enjoy the Confidence of two Perſons, between whom there was not a ſecret Emulation only, but the moſt open Breach, and that of the higheſt Nature too, which every one knoweth to have been the Caſe of *Octavius* and *Anthony*, who both aimed alike, at the Dominion, not of *Rome* alone, but of the whole Earth!

In

In this Manner having compleated the Circle of threeſcore and ſeventeen Years, and, as he advanced in Age, advancing ſtill in Dignity, in Favour and in Fortune, (for he had acquired ſeveral Inheritances purely by the Title of his Virtue which recommended him to the Donors) and enjoyed ſuch a Felicity of Conſtitution, as never in thirty Years Time to have requir'd the leaſt Medicine; he was ſeized with a Diſtemper, which at firſt indeed both he and his Phyſicians deſpiſed. They believed it to be a * *Teneſmos*, for which there were certain ſlight and ſpeedy Remedies propoſed. Having lingred three Months without any other Pain than was cauſed by the Methods of his Cure, on a ſudden the Diſeaſe fell with that Force upon one of his Inteſtines, that at length it turned to a putrid *Fiſtula* which broke through his Loyns: But, before it came to this Criſis, finding his Pains increaſing every Day, and that the Violence of the Diſtemper had alſo brought a *Feaver* upon him, he ſent for his Son-in-Law *Agrippa*, and with him likewiſe for *Lucius Cornelius Balbus*, and *Sextus Peduceus*: Whom, when he ſaw entering his Room, he reclined his Head upon his Arm, and addreſſing himſelf to them, ſaid, " As you have all been my

* *A violent Motion without the Power of going to Stool. A Diſeaſe that is ſaid by the Phyſicians to be often the Fore-runner of the* Diſentery *or* Bloody-flux; *as it proceeds too from the ſame Cauſe, being occaſioned by a ſharp Humour that falls upon the* Sphincter, *and by ſwelling and inflaming that Muſcle hinders Evacuation.*

" Witneſſes

" Witneſſes with what Care and Diligence I have " applyed my ſelf to the Re-eſtabliſhment of my " Health during this Illneſs, it were needleſs for " me to trouble you with many Words upon that " Subject. I have hitherto ſubmitted to the Ad- " vice of my Friends; and left nothing untried " that hath been preſcribed for my Relief: But it " is now high time that I ſhould at laſt conſult my " ſelf. And of this I was willing to inform you: " I am determined then no longer to nouriſh my " Diſeaſe. For in Truth, whatever Food I have " taken theſe ſeveral Days, hath no otherwiſe " lengthened my Life, than by keeping me awake " to thoſe Pains of which there remain not the " leaſt Hopes of a Cure. Firſt therefore let me " intreat you to approve my Reſolution; and, in " the next place, I muſt conjure you, however, " not to attempt to diſſuade me from it; for that " would prove but vain.

Having ended this Speech, (which he delivered with a Voice, and Countenance, that ſhewed as little Concern, as if he had been removing only from one Houſe to another, and not out of this Life into Eternity;) *Agrippa* weeping, and embracing him, prayed and begged, *That he would not haſten to pay that Debt which Nature would too ſoon exact from him; and that, as there was ſtill a Poſſibility of his Recovery, he would not rob himſelf and the World of ſo precious a Life;* he made not the leaſt Reply; but by an obſtinate Silence diſcouraged their farther Endeavours. After he had abſtained

ſtained for two Days from all kind of Nutriment, his *Feaver* left him, and his other Diſtemper too ſeemed abated. Nevertheleſs he perſiſted in his Purpoſe; and the fifth Day after taking that Reſolution, dyed, on the laſt of *March*, in the Conſulſhip of *Cneus Domitius* and *Caius Soſius*. He was carried to the Grave on a little * Funeral Bed, and (as he had expreſly directed) without any manner of Pomp; but attended by all the Good and the Virtuous, and an infinite Concourſe of the common People. He lyes buried in the Monument of his Uncle *Quintus Cæcilius*, adjoyning to the *Appian* Way, five Miles diſtant from *Rome*.

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* *This Way of Burial is ſtill cuſtomary in ſome* Roman Catholick *Countries, as in* Spain, *where they carry their Dead on an open Kind of Couch or Litter, expoſed to the publick View: And as it was a Cuſtom among the Ancients, for thoſe who had born any great Office in the State, or acquired ſome diſtinguiſhing Honour in War, to be buried in the Robe of their Magiſtracy, or Triumph; the modern Superſtitious commonly give Direction that their Friends ſhall, after their Decaſe, cloath them in the Habit of ſome religious Order for which they had profeſſed the greateſt Reverence, or Devotion, when they were living.*

as he beheld with Grief their unnatural Projects, which he well knew would be executed with Violence, and could be maintained only by Rigour: So he beheld with Horror the cruel Revenges that in every Revolution were conſtantly exerciſed by the Side that had lately been oppreſſed, when afterwards it grew to be uppermoſt. He mourned their Victories, for it was over their wretched Country that they triumphed; and pitied their Diſgraces, becauſe theſe were as barbarouſly inflicted, as the other had been unjuſtly obtained. His Inaction therefore during thoſe Uſurpations (when the People of all Factions were ſtruggling not for Liberty, but Chains) was both honourable and prudent; and the Aſſiſtance he gave to the Proſcribed (many of whom had no greater Crime than their Wealth) was an Argument of his Courage, as well as an Inſtance of his Humanity.

But this his Procedure is by no means to be pleaded in Defence of ſuch, who have encouraged the Inſolence, promoted the Pretenſions, or ſupported the Attempts of foreign Invaders, and domeſtick Rebels; nor of those, who meanly ſat Neuters in the hazardous Tryal when our Civil and Religious Rights were lately both at Stake. To relieve the Neceſſities, and comfort the Afflictions, and interpose our good Offices for the Pardon of the moſt Criminal may become us as Men, and as Chriſtians: But at the ſame time we are ſtrictly to take care that we do not, under the false Colours of Humanity and Charity, ſerve the treacherous Purpoſes

poses of Sedition and Faction. The Government of *England* is not changed from what was the natural, antient and legal Conſtitution: And whoever is an Enemy to his preſent Majeſty's Title (a Title that hath been confirmed in many free Parliaments in two former Reigns, and to which, I believe, eight Parts in ten of the Nation too have voluntarily ſworn Allegiance) ought no leſs to be reputed an Enemy to the Peace of the Kingdom.

It is amazing, indeed, that any one who hath been born under the equal Diſtribution of the Laws, and bred under the excellent Diſcipline of the Church of *England*, ſhould be diſaffected to the Eſtabliſhment of King *George*, on the Safety of whose Person, and the Succeſſion of whose Family, the other two ſeem entirely, under GOD, to depend. And that the Diſaffection ſhould have been ſo general as to break out in those dismal Effects that are too freſh in our Memories, and which, it were to be wiſhed, could be buried in everlaſting Oblivion, is ſtill more prodigious. But ſince GOD was pleased to permit this raging Peſtilence to viſit our Land; ſince it hath left in ſeveral of our Provinces many Marks of the Fury of its wild Paroxyſms; and ſince it is evident by a thousand ill Symptoms, (notwithſtanding the various Methods of Cure that have been tryed; the ſeverer ones of Phlebotomy and Cupping; the gentler Lenitives; and golden Alteratives;) that the Feaver is not yet quite allayed, but lies lurking in the Veins of our huge Leviathan; it is our indispenſible Duty to observe

observe the exacteſt Diſcipline, and the niceſt Caution. Let us not, however, by any unreasonable Fears, magnify the Danger; nor by an ignorant Officiousneſs, and too bold a Practice, inflame the Disease. Let us rather under these Difficulties that have embarraſſed the Strong, and puzzled the Wise, remember to look up to the great Phyſician above, on whose Skill, and in whose Care we ſhould place our chief Confidence. He knoweth, and he alone, the true Causes, and the proper Remedies, of all our internal Disorders; and will, we may humbly hope, at laſt, in his merciful Providence, watch ſome lucky Season of Addreſs, to pour an healing Balm into the diſtempered Blood of the Nation, and give us Ease, and Reſt, and Happineſs after ſo many terrible Convulſions that have diſtreſſed our State.

It is very difficult to discourse upon a Topick ſo delicate as this (and I presume juſt only to touch upon it) without provoking the Malice, and alarming the Ignorance of the Bigots, and Incendiaries of one ſide or other. But this I am ſure may be affirmed with Truth, and I hope too without Offence, that they have all in their Turns, more or leſs, contributed to the publick Diſſentions and Discontents.

Many of those, who called themselves *Tories*, were perswaded, during ſome late Councils, through their own Weakneſs, and the inſidious Arts of deceitful wicked Men, to embark in Deſigns, of which,

which, it it but common Humanity to believe, they did not at firſt foresee the Consequences. These deluded Persons, out of a vicious Modeſty, rather than acknowledge their Error, and take upon themselves the Shame that was due to their ſenseleſs Credulity, have ſince, I doubt, moſt of them incurred a Guilt, of which the very Idea once would have ſtartled them.

Again, there are ſome among the *Whigs*, (more fortunate, 'tis true, in the Choice of their Maſters, but as dully perhaps in the Right, as their Adversaries have been blindly in the Wrong) who, fierce of the Merit of their Loyalty, take all Opportunities to triumph over the Miſtakes and Failures of their Neighbours; and with a Zeal without Knowledge, and a Devotion without Charity, take a Pride, nay, indulge a Kind of Luſt in oppreſſing a disgraced Party, which by their frequent Insults they have driven in a manner to Despair, and from inconſiderable Fools have made them dangerous Mad-men.

But there is another Set, more mischievous than either of the afore-mentioned, who acting from no Sense of Honour, Obligation of Law, or Principle of Religion (Things which neither their Education, or Commerce of Life, could ever bring them acquainted with) and ſenſible too that their Conduct hath not always been the cleareſt in the World; have endeavoured to wipe out old Stains, and blot out the very Memory of their former De-

pendancies, by being induſtrious to infuse groundleſs Jealouſies into their Superiors, and render the Virtue of good Men ſuſpected, who, honeſt and undeſigning, contented themselves with the Conſcience of their Integrity, without endeavouring to intrude upon the Publick with the Noise and Warmth of new Converts, and false Profeſſors. The Aſperſions with which ſeveral Persons entirely devoted to his Majeſty have been traduced by these mean Informers, hath done the Government more Diſſervice than I fear ſome Persons are willing, for their own Sakes, to confeſs.

Courts are a Sort of Climates extremely ſubject to Change of Weather: The Warmth of the Sun in those higher Regions draws up many Vapours that frequently diſturb the Calmneſs of that Heaven: And the Great are, for the moſt part, ſo buſied with their Fears of being eclipsed by their Rivals, that the dark and ſullen Clouds that are hovering below among the People paſs often unregarded. But it cannot ſure be ſupposed, that Men ſo penetrating, and ſo diſintereſted, as they who preſide over our Affairs, will not always have their political Barometer under the Observation of their Eye: Will not watch every Degree the Humour mounts towards *Stormy*; nor, while they are gathering in their own little Harveſt, will be ſuch unfaithful Stewards to neglect the common Field.

POEMS
ON
Several Occaſions.

Bury TOASTS.

------ *Non alia bibam Mercede.*

Miſs MOLLY SPRING.

IN Love's ſoft Wars ſhe gains a double Prize,
And triumphs by her Wit, as by her Eyes.

Encore *Miſs* MOLLY.

AS that gay Season of the youthful Year,
That bears her Name, for ever ſweet and fair.
But ſhe, like *Flora*, ſhou'd improve her Charms,
And take an am'rous *Zephyr* to her Arms.

Miſs PASTON.

IN *Paſton*'s Face the Smiles and Bluſhes meet,
And ſhew her Heart both tender and discreet.

Miſs THORNHILL.

BEhold *Minerva*'s Dignity of Mien,
With all the Sweetneſs of the *Cyprian* Queen.

Mrs. KING.

ETernal *Venus* is around her ſpread!
May Love, luxuriant Love, attend her Bed!

Lady

Lady BETTY HERVEY, *now* MANSEL.

SOft as the Lilly, or the *Provence* Roſe,
More laſting fair, and full as ſweet as thoſe.

Counteſs of ROCHFORT.

HER Beauty, like the Sun's impartial Light,
Shines forth, and cheers each fond Beholder's Sight:
Secure and pleas'd, whilſt Honour is her Guide,
She ſcorns the dull Reſtraints of Fear or Pride.

Miſs SUSEY BUNBURY, *now Mrs.* Handerſide.

HER Air, her Voice, each Motion, all conſpire
To raiſe in ev'ry gallant Breaſt Deſire:
Yet ſuch nice Conduct does the Maid adorn,
None boaſt her Favour, or accuſe her Scorn.

Miſs MOLLY BUNBURY.

NAture yet uninform'd by Art's Disguise,
Sports on her Lips, and ſparkles in her Eyes:
Unpractis'd in the Mischiefs of her Sex,
She only knows to please, and not to vex.

Miſs HARRIET D'EWES.

HER Value does by long Acquaintance rise,
Always ſecure to please, tho' not ſurprise.

Miſs SMITHSON.

THE *Cheveley* * Graces in the Nymph appear,
A rural Innocence, and courtly Air.

* Cheveley, *is the Seat of Lady* Dover, *her Aunt.*

Miſs

Miſs PEGGY CLAGET.

TRanſporting Object of our Sight and Touch!
Grant this Senſe more, or not to that ſo much.

Miſs DILLY SPRING.

HER youthful Charms a gentle Light convey,
Sweet as the Morning-Star diſcloſing Day:
Silent ſhe moves, but certain to impart
New Beauties to the Eye, freſh Gladneſs to the Heart.

CUPID *not blind.*

NOT far from the * *Hide* lives a Damſel, ſo fair,
I'd give her my Heart for one Lock of her Hair.

* *A celebrated Wood near* Hengrove-Hall *in* Suffolk, *the Seat of Sir* William Gage.

Her Cheeks are like Roses that bluſh in their Prime;
Her Lips ſweet as Cherries juſt gather'd in Time.
To gaze on her Eyes might an Hermit inflame;
And who looks on her Moles but thinks o'that ſame?
Her Bubbies ſo prettily heave up and down,
The Sight wou'd please all from a King to a Clown.
Her Waiſt is as taper as *Mercury*'s Rod,
And the Treasures below were a Prize for a God:
Those Beauties are hid----but my Fancy can trace
She's a *Venus* when naked, as dreſt ſhe's a Grace.

Now, *Cupid*, Divine----Who's this charming fine Thing?
Well! for once you've gueſs'd right: 'tis dear *Molly Spring*.

S O N G.

I.

Cælia, conſcious of her Beauty,
Treats her Servant with Diſdain;
Like a Tyrant claims his Duty,
Yet rewards his Love with Pain.

II.

II.

Cupid, O ſurvey thy Quiver!
And addreſs the keeneſt Dart;
Pride no longer will deceive her,
When ſhe feels a bleeding Heart.

Writ on a Bench in the Glade of a Wood.

WOu'd you know how we live in our rural Retreat,
You who think all are wretched but they that are Great?
The Field and the Study, by turns, vary the Scene;
Or Girls and a Bottle, when in Love or the Spleen:
Thus in Eaſe not inglorious our Hours glide away;
Soft falls the calm Evening, gay ſprings the young Day.

Carving her Name on the Bark of a Tree.

FOrgive me, hospitable Tree!
And if beneath thy friendly Shade
Thou e'er ſhalt view the lovely Maid,
For whom I bleed with ſecret Smart;

Tell her, the Wounds I gave to thee
  Affect alone thine outward Part:
But those her Eyes have giv'n to me
  Sunk deeper far, and pierc'd my Heart.

A Queſtion put upon the Bench in the HIDE.

FAir, auſpicious, gentle Maids!
  Sweet Oracles of these bleſt Shades
Tell me (for I know you can)
What will make a Happy Man?
Is it Wisdom, Wit, or Wealth?
Ancient Blood? or youthful Health?
May conqu'ring Chiefs that Title boaſt?
Or is the World for Love well loſt?
Fair, auſpicious, gentle Maids!
Sweet Oracles of these bleſt Shades!
Tell me (for I know you can)
What will make a Happy Man?

An Anſwer by -----

I Will tell you, if I may,
What will make a Happy Day.
Bring back the Rovings of thy Youth
To bear with the important Truth:
'Tis none of all that wanton Train
Summ'd up in thy Poetick Vein;
Neither is it *Venus'* Theft,
But it is the World well left.
I will tell you, if I may,
What will make a Happy Day.

Occaſioned by the foregoing VERSES.

A Nightingale that fought this * Grove,
The Seat of Muſic and of Love,
Was wont in artleſs Strains to ſing
The bloomy Beauties of the *Spring*;
When, lo! She heard a ſolemn Noiſe
From the dark Raven's fatal Voice,

* *The* Hide.

That

That bid the Wanton change her Note,
And tune to graver Airs her Throat:
Sighing, the am'rous Bird reply'd,
Sung this ſhort Dirge, and then ſhe died.

" *Severe are theſe cenſorious Days,*
" *When Satire leſs offends than Praiſe.*

An EJACULATION.

YE Pow'rs ſupreme! Who rule this Vaſſal Earth,
Why to my wretched Being gave ye Birth?
Is this to live? in endleſs Care to roam
A Pilgrim from the Cradle to the Tomb?
In our uncertain Voyage below, tho' few,
Yet ſome attain the Port their Hopes purſue:
My feeble Barque by raging Storms was toſt
O'er the rough Billows on a dreary Coaſt:
Whilſt happier Mortals fair Poſſeſſions got,
The Vale of Tears, alas! was all my Lot:
There doom'd to wander, I neglected moan,
By Fortune jilted, and by Love undone.

Inſcribed

Inſcribed on a Drinking-Glaſs.

VENUS no more ſhall be Mount *Ida*'s Pride!
The Queen of Beauty now frequents the *Hide.*

Writ on a Seat in the Glade of the HIDE.

STay Paſſenger, whoe'er thou art,
And, if thou bear'ſt a gentle Heart,
Pray for the Soul of one in Love,
That often haunts this gloomy Grove.
The Wretch was in a State of Grace,
Whilſt he cou'd view bright *Celia*'s Charms;
(For Paradise is in her Face,
And Heaven, I truſt, is in her Arms.)
But from that Goddeſs far remov'd,
He hovers between Hope and Fear;
And Death-like Absence having prov'd,
Now mourns in *Purgatory* here.

CAN-

CANTATA.

RECITATIVO.

AN am'rous poor unhappy Swain,
Who long a Slave to *Celia*'s Pride,
That haughty Maid had ſued in vain,
To *Cytherea* thus apply'd:

ARIET.

HAil propitious Deity!
All Nature does thy Bounty bleſs:
Hear then an humble Votary!
Relieve the Faithful in Diſtreſs!
Subdue that unrelenting Fair,
Or let me die, who now deſpair.

RECITATIVO.

VEnus, his heavy Woe beguiling,
Hopes inſpir'd and gay Deſire;
So, Night diſperſt, *Aurora* ſmiling
Cheers the Soul with genial Fire:
Come, Youth, ſaid ſhe, take this Advice,
When Women prove coquet, or nice.

ARIET.

ARIET.

FIckle is the Female Mind,
Love, like Chance, perverse and blind.
Sigh no more the Nymph purſuing;
Wild and wanton ſtrive to pain her;
Leave thy dull officious Wooing;
Make her jealous, that may gain her.
Range among the Sex and rove;
All have not obdurate Hearts:
From the Palace to the Grove,
Love at random throws his Darts.

An ELEGY.

I Dreamt but now (for oh! 'twas all a Dream;
The Nymph, I fear, ne'er meant that kind Ex-
Some Tears of Pity from *Myrtilla* ſtole, (tream)
That dropt like Balm upon my wounded Soul.
Methought, ſhe ſaid, "Arise, dear injur'd Swain!
"And reap the full Reward of all thy Pain:
"What you deſir'd, unwilling I deny'd;
"And liv'd a wretched Slave to Fame and Pride:
"Defend me, Shepherd! from thoſe falſe Alarms;
"O take me, hide me, hold me in thy Arms!

My

My Heart, exulting with approaching Bliſs,
Sprung forth to meet her in an ardent Kiſs,
While Fancy ſporting, bold and unconfin'd,
In thousand am'rous Folds our Limbs entwin'd:
Through all the Mazes of Delight I rov'd
By Nature form'd, and wanton Wit improv'd:
Till the fierce Tide of Joy tumultuous broke
The Bands of Sleep, when I ſurpriz'd awoke;
Found my whole Frame diſſolv'd in ſweet Exceſs,
But no fond Partner in the ſoft Diſtreſs.

Venus! propitious Queen of young Deſires!
Muſt I then languiſh ſtill in hopeleſs Fires!
Or was this flatt'ring Omen not in vain?
O join our Loves, or equal our Disdain!

Epilogus to the Alchymiſt. *As acted by the young Gentlemen of* Bury-School, 1721.

OLD ſurly *Ben*, to-night has let us know,
That in this Iſle a plenteous Crop did grow
Of Knaves and Fools a hundred Years ago.
Chymiſts, *Bawds*, *Gameſters*, and a numerous Train
Of humble Rogues, content with moderate Gain.

The

The Poet, had he liv'd to ſee this Age,
Had brought ſublimer Villains on the Stage;
Our Knaves ſin higher now than those of old:
Kingdoms, not private Men, are bought and ſold:
Witneſs the *South-Sea* Project; which hath ſhown,
How far Philoſophers may be outdone
By modern Statesmen that have found the Stone.
Well might it take its Title from the Main,
That rose ſo ſwift, and ſunk ſo ſoon again.
Fools have been always bit by artful Lies;
But here the Cautious were deceiv'd, and Wise:
And yet, in these flagitious monſtrous Times,
The Knaves detected Triumph in their Crimes;
Wallow in Wealth, have all Things at Command,
And brave the Vengeance of an injur'd Land.
Well! ſince we've learn'd Experience at our Coſt,
Let us preserve the Remnant not yet loſt,
Though Law from *France* be landed on the Coaſt:
By ſober Arts aspire to guiltleſs Fame,
And prove that Virtue's not an empty Name.

To Mrs. Mary Spring *with the* SPECTATORS.

REceive this Gift; nor, gentle Maid, refuse
The fond Addreſs of an officious Muse;
That of her meaner Store can little ſend,
And ablerWits would to your Choice commend.

In these nice finiſh'd Pieces you may find
Each Beauty trac'd and Blemiſh of the Mind.
The diff'rent Airs in Humankind that rise
From Virtue, Prudence, Ignorance and Vice,
With all those Signs, ſo few have underſtood,
Which mark the real from the ſeeming Good,
Are to your View expos'd with happy Care;
Juſt the Deſigns, and ſweet the Col'rings are.

What grave Philosophers could never teach,
Nor heavy Parsons in their Pulpits reach,
In ſhort Excurſions, here you will attain,
Without laborious Search, or ſtudious Pain.

Through all the Morals artfully are ſpread
A thousand Graces that invite to read.

So

So the bleſt Angels, when they leave their Skies,
Aſſume ſome Fav'rite Form to greet our Eyes:
With winning Eloquence their Charge diſpenſe,
And both inſtruct the Soul, and charm the Sense.

May pleaſing Truths your ſoft Inquiries crown;
And you grow wiſe, nor Wrinkle know, nor Frown,
Unenvy'd, whether Virgin Eaſe you ſhare,
Or take a Husband to divide your Care,
May Fortune ſtill on all your Vows attend;
Preſerve your Lover, and confirm your Friend.

To a young Lady in Danger of making a Miſtake for Life.

CAN then my Dove forſake this faithful Breaſt
In ſuch a vile Retreat to build her Neſt?
Forgive me, dear unthinking fickle Maid!
That thus ſeverely I thy Choice upbraid.
'Tis fond Concern theſe harſh Reproaches draws:
My Heart, oh! Bleeds in Love's and Beauty's Cauſe.
Unjuſt to me, and to your ſelf unkind!
Tho' deaf to Love, be not to Prudence blind.
More for your Int'reſt than my own I fear:
Your Husband, not my Rival, gives me Care.

Should

Should ſome brave Youth, whom Worth and
Truth commends,
(But, ah! how rare ſuch Lovers, or ſuch Friends)
Who knows to prize the Merits of your Charms,
By long Perſwaſion win you to his Arms.
Tho' griev'd, ſubmiſſive I might then reſign:
Your Bliſs would make Amends for Loſs of mine.
But if, ſeduc'd by low Deſires of Gain,
You, who might give, receive the Marriage Chain:
Too ſoon, unhappy, (and without Excuſe)
You want that Pity, which you me refuſe.

PROLOGUE *to the* Merry Wives of WINDSOR. *Acted by the young Gentlemen of* Bury-School, 1723.

IN thoſe bleſt Days e'er peeviſh Reformation
Deny'd poor Prieſts the Rights of Fornication,
Our good Lord Abbot, and his Sons of Grace,
Enjoy'd ſweet Quarters in this happy Place.
He and his Monks, like *Falſtaff*, and his Set,
Took all for Fiſh that came into their Net.
Marriage they did abjure, ſo Heav'n defend 'em!
Yet each cou'd hold a Damſel in *Commendam*.

But

But leſt grave Men might ſeem to play the Fool,
Their Frolicks all were laid on a mad Bull.
Not Bulls from *Rome* ſuch Miracles have ſhown,
As that white Bull from neighb'ring * *Habyrdon.*
No Virgins then 'till fifty ſtuck o' Hand;
No barren Matrons mourn'd within our Land.
Love was like ready Money in the Nation,
And their † *Exchequer* gave it Circulation.
But Raillery apart.-----This jolly Town
For Acts of Gallantry was always known.
Not that the Ladies were leſs chaſte than fair:
True Rigour's in the Heart, and not the Air.
In gen'rous Freedom Virtue ſhou'd be plac'd;
By ſervile Chains her Honour is debas'd.
The Formal often lead the looſeſt Lives;
Then---- merry be your Hearts, my Maids and Wives.
While conſcious Merit juſtifies your Claim,
Aſſume the Pride that's due to Beauty's Fame.
For Heroes, *Windſor* does the World excel:
For Toaſts, our *Bury* bears away the Bell.

* *The Manor of* Habyrdon *was held by the Tenure of furniſhing a white Bull to the Abbey, which, at certain Times, was carried in Proceſſion to the Bier of St.* Edmond, *where Ladies who complained of Barrenneſs, after the Ceremony of ſtroaking the Bull, made their Offerings.*

† *A Place ſo called, belonging formerly to the Abbey.*

EPILOGUE *on the ſame Occaſion.*

ILlib'ral Souls, to ſordid Av'rice bred,
With jealous Thoughts the Schools of Science dread:
They look with Envy, when those Forts arise,
To combat Error, and extirpate Vice:
But all whom Honour, or whom Worth commends,
Are to good Diſcipline and Learning Friends.
The Favours they for those juſt Ends beſtow
Grace the Receivers, and the Donors too:
No Structure rais'd upon the nobleſt Plan,
Yields half the Credit, as to build a Man.
For this, of old, were Colleges endow'd,
And large Immunities and Gifts allow'd.
We too can boaſt a Royal Founder here,
Who thought our Muses not beneath his Care.
But now the tuneful Nine are forc'd to dwell,
Like poor old Alms-Women, within a Cell.
* Of *Edward*'s Bounty little Fruit appears,
Through Fraud, or Folly, of ſucceeding Years.

* Edward VI. *founded* Bury-School.

Well!

Well! Various Schemes o' late have drain'd your Pence,
Subscribe--- for once--- to Virtue and to Senſe.
Reſtore the Splendor that the School has loſt;
And let your Sons grow wiſe--- though at your Coſt.
So ſhall *Minerva* on your Labours ſmile,
And *Bury* be the *Athens* of our Iſle.

Written June 5. 1724. *upon my ſurpriſing Recovery from a dangerous Illneſs by the Care of Dr.* Mead.

WHen lately ling'ring with conſuming Pain,
That drank my Blood, and ſcorch'd my tortur'd Brain,
My Hands and Knees in trembling Concert joyn'd,
Feeble my Body, and as weak my Mind;
Idle the Witty ſeem'd, and dull the Wiſe,
The Fair themſelves look'd faded in my Eyes;
Reſtleſs and faint, I found no Help from Art
To cool my Head, or cheer my drooping Heart,
Till my good Genius pointed to my Aid
Thy happy Counſel, O judicious *Mead!*
The Foe, that long with Scorn had kept the Field,
At thy Approach was quickly forc'd to yield.

So

So ſwift your Progreſs, and withal ſo ſure,
It ſhew'd more like a Miracle than Cure.
And yet I took, to drown the fell Diſeaſe,
No nauſeous Draught: At once you ſave and pleaſe.

So when the Pulſe of Conſcience from within
Has giv'n ſtrong Symtoms of ſome deadly Sin,
To learned *Tillotſon* I've told my Grief,
And ſought from his Diſpenſary Relief.
The ſickly Soul's great *Æſculapius*, he
Soon from each fev'riſh Paſſion ſet me free.
His ſoft Infuſions ſteal upon the Mind;
His Elocution moves; his Reaſons bind;
Each ſhort inſtructive Page more Skill can ſhow,
Each ſound Preſcription ſurer Health beſtow,
Than all the Drugs that from *Geneva* come,
Or all the gilded Pills they ſell at *Rome*.

An extempore Epiſtle to Mrs. Meriolina Spring.

THE Bards of old, ſo learn'd and wiſe,
Nine Female Muſes did deviſe,
When at the ſame time they thought fit
To name but one Male God of Wit;
And ſtill the charming Sex we find
The nobleſt Part of human Kind;

Whilſt

Whilſt double Influence they diſpence,
Victorious by thy Eyes and Senſe:
They guide our Heads, and rule our Hearts;
Refine our Manners, and our Parts.
Among the Men the few who claim
To Wit, or Worth, a laſting Name;
All that, or give, or merit Praiſe,
From thoſe bright Stars derive their Rays.
'Tis by their happy genial Light
The Painters draw, the Poets write.
Ev'n I, the meaneſt of the Tribe,
An Humble ſonneteering Scribe,
Warm'd by your ſoft Poetick Fire,
To loftier Numbers may aſpire,
Who now in haſte my Thoughts convey
In this Familiar doggerel Way.
More greedily your Lines I learn,
Than graceleſs Parson ſtuffs his Barn,
Or Lady's Chaplin crams his Belly
With whipt Cream, Marmalade, or Jelly.
More I would ſay, but here comes Dinner,
And I muſt eat, as I'm a Sinner.
Commend me then in ſhort to all,
Who live and laugh at *Hengrave-Hall*,

From little *Dilly*, * ſly and ſleek,
To *Molly* with her dimpled Cheek:
But naming *Molly*, *à propos*,
How does the pretty Cripple do?
I ſwear that ugly wicked Blow
Juſt broke my Heart, that bruis'd her Toe.
If Kiſſes wou'd alley the Smart,
I wou'd kiſs that, or---- any Part.
For 'tis no wonder I ſhould love her,
When both Coquets and Prudes approve her.
Peace, Plenty, Pleaſure, from his Soul
He drinks to all, who ſings this Scroll.

R. P.

The SPECIFICK.

To a young Phyſician, whoſe Miſtreſs was likewiſe his Patient.

WOU'D you the Fair both cure and please,
And merit, Doctor, double Fees?
With happy Care your Skill employ
To mix the Seeds and Flow'rs of Joy,

* De la Riviere.

Free

Free from each vile polluting Weed,
That Hate, Diſtruſt, or Scorn may breed:
Let ſolid Senſe gay Humour join;
And with good Manners Wit refine;
To vig'rous Health, and comely Youth,
Add Honour, Tenderneſs, and Truth;
Then in Love's Limbeck 'ſtill the whole:
The Cordial Drops will cheer her Soul.

An EPITAPH.

THE Man, who lies beneath this Stone,
Liv'd no One's Foe beſides his own:
The Faults he had were not a few,
But moſt of a Good-natur'd Hue:
When ſudden Guſts his Anger mov'd,
With Zeal he hated, as he lov'd;
But gentler Pow'rs, ſoon rul'd his Mind,
The Peeviſh yielded to the Kind:
Where he found Friend, or Miſtreſs true,
He melted like deſcending Dew:
Free from all mean Diſtruſt, or Art,
Sincere and open was his Heart:
He honour'd Merit in Diſgrace,
And ſcorn'd a Villain in high Place:

To GOD and *Cæſar* Tribute gave,
Yet neither Bigot was, or Slave;
And in three Words, to ſum the whole,
Was a warm, honeſt, am'rous Soul.

The REVOLUTION.

I.

FIckle once, and changing,
Wild as wanton Air,
Thro' the whole Sex ranging
None cou'd give me Care;

II.

When by chance purſuing
Iris to the Grove,
I in idle Wooing
Talkt to her of Love:

III.

Tho' her Eyes lookt killing,
Soon I found her Heart,
Was extremely willing
To relieve my Smart:

IV.

Prompted by Occaſion,
Urg'd by ſtrong Deſire,
I indulg'd my Paſſion,
She renew'd my Fire;

V.

V.

Lips ſhe had excelling
All I've kiſt or ſeen;
And what's more worth telling;
You know, what I mean.

VI.

Such a Nymph careſſing,
Ah, you'll ſay, how bleſt!
No: Since the poſſeſſing
How much more diſtreſt!

VII.

From an happy Rover
Free from am'rous Pain,
Now an anxious Lover
Lo! I drag her Chain;

VIII.

While ſhe daily changing,
Wild as wanton Air,
Through our whole Sex ranging
None can give her Care.

IX.

Cupid makes, to ſpite us,
Or because he's blind,
All, whose Charms invite us,
Cruel, or too kind.

Albii Tibulli Elegia Prima a Verſu Primo ad Septem, deinde, ab Quadrageſimo primo ad finem.

Divitias alius fulvo ſibi congerat auro,
Et teneat culti jugera magna ſoli:
Quem labor aſſiduus vicino terreat hoſte,
Martia cui ſomnos claſſica pulſa fugent.
Me mea paupertas vitæ traducit inerti,
Dum meus exiguo luceat igne focus.
Non ego Divitias patrum, fructuſque requiro,
Quos tulit antiquo condita meſſis avo.
Parva ſeges ſatis eſt, parvo requieſcere lecto,
Si licet, et ſolito membra levare toro.
Quàm juvat immites ventos audire cubantem,
Et dominam tenero continuiſſe ſinu!
Aut, gelidas hibernus aquas cum fuderit Auſter,
Securum ſomnos, imbre juvante, ſequi!
Hoc mihi contingat. Sit dives jure, furorem
Qui maris, & triſtes ferre poteſt pluvias.

The Firſt Elegy of the Firſt Book of TIBULLUS, *from the Firſt to the Seventh Verſe, and from the Forty Firſt to the End.*

LET others ſhare the Spoils Ambition yields,
Their treaſur'd Gold, their Tracts of fertile Fields;
Whom daily Fears of fierce invading Foes
Deny the ſweeter Fruits of calm Repoſe.
Poor be my Lot, inglorious my Deſires,
So my Hearth ſhine with conſtant chearful Fires.
I crave not Riches, nor th' Extent of Land
My wealthier Anceſtors did once command.
This little Farm will all I'd ask ſupply:
In this lov'd Cottage let me live and die.
What Pleaſure 'tis each Night at home to reſt,
Like Birds frequenting our accuſtom'd Neſt!
What Pleaſure 'midſt the warring Winds alarms,
To claſp a gentle Miſtreſs in our Arms!
Or when the breezy Clouds in Murmurs weep,
Lull'd by the Noiſe, to ſink to ſounder Sleep!
Thus bleſt; unenvy'd be their Hopes (for me)
Whom Av'rice tempts thro' Toils and Storms at Sea.

O quantum eſt auri pereat, potiuſque ſmaragdi,
Quam fleat ob noſtras ulla puella vias.
Te bellare decet terra, Meſſala, marique,
Ut domus hoſtiles præferat exuvias.
Me retinent vinctum formoſæ vincla puellæ,
Et ſedeo duras janitor ante fores
Non ego laudari curo, mea Delia: tecum
Dummodo ſim, quæſo ſegnis, inerſque vocer.
Te ſpectem, ſuprema mihi cum venerit hora,
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.
Flebis & arſuro poſitum me, Delia, lecto,
Triſtibus & lacrymis oſcula miſta dabis.
Flebis: non tua ſunt duro præcordia ferro
Vincta, nec in tenero ſtat tibi corde ſilex.
Illo non juvenis poterit de funere quiſquam
Lumina, non virgo ſicca referre domum.
Tu Manes ne læde meos, ſed parce ſolutis
Crinibus, & teneris, Delia, parce genis.
Interea, dum fata ſinunt, jungamus amores.
Jam veniet tenebris mors adoperta caput.

Jam

Ah! never in Love's Annals be it ſaid,
That I thus wander'd from a plaintive Maid.
Not orient Pearl, not Gems of higheſt Price
Avail one precious Drop from female Eyes.
War, great *Meſſalla*, may thy Rank become,
And hoſtile Trophies ſhould adorn thy Dome.
A Slave to Love, on Beauty's Call I wait;
My Poſt of Duty lies at *Delia*'s Gate.
The buſy World theſe idle Cares may blame;
But, *Delia!* Life with thee is more than Fame.
Ev'n in Fate's gloomy Hour on thee I'd gaze,
And dying feebly reach one fond Embrace!
And thou (for well I know, ſo kind thou art,
The Sight would pierce thy ſoft-impaſſion'd Heart.)
Wilt weep to ſee me on the fun'ral Bed,
And mingle Kiſſes with the Tears you ſhed.
Nor Youth, nor gen'rous Maid, who views my Urn,
Will with dry Eyes, I weet, from thence return.
But thou reſtrain thy Grief, and, oh! forbear
To wound those tender Cheeks, those Locks to tear.
And now, whilſt yet our Day-light does remain,
Let us contrive it may not ſhine in vain.
Death in his ſable Veil ſteals on apace.
Age too robs Love, you know, of all its Grace.

Jam ſubrepet iners ætas, nec amare decebit,
Dicere nec cano blanditias capite.
Nunc levis eſt tractanda Venus, dum frangere poſtes
Non pudet, & rixas inſeruiſſe juvat.
Hic ego dux, mileſque bonus; vos ſigna, tubaque
Ite procul, cupidis vulnera ferte viris,
Ferte & opes. Ego compoſito ſecurus acervo
Deſpiciam dites, deſpiciamque famem.

Quinti Horatii Flacci,
ODE II. LIB. III.

I.

ANguſtam, Amici, pauperiem pati
Robuſtus acri militia puer
Condiſcat, & Parthos feroces
Vexet eques metuendus haſta:

Grey Hairs and Gallantry but ill agree:
Catch, catch the fleeting Hours, e'er yet they flee.
Youth is the lucky Season of Addreſs,
When Lovers Arms can only hope Succeſs.
Deſign'd by Nature for this am'rous Fight,
Here lyes the Skill I boaſt, and here my Might.
Colours and Drums, and Fifes hence far retire,
And reſtleſs Chiefs to glorious Hazards fire.
Intrench'd within the Fortune that I prize,
I fear no Want, and Vanity deſpiſe.

The Second ODE of the Third Book of *Horace*.

Humbly Inſcribed to his Grace the Duke of ARGYLL *and* GREENWICH.

I.

TO Diſcipline, and Dangers bred,
And by the Hardſhips, Camps endure,
The ſturdy Boy, my Friends, inure
With Patience pinching Want to bear
Teach him to mount the fiery Steed;
And, dreadful with his glitt'ring Spear,
To gall the *Parthian* and the *Mede*.

III.

II.

Vitamque ſub dio, & trepidis agat
In rebus. Illum ex manibus hoſticis
Matrona bellantis Tyranni
Proſpiciens, & adulta Virgo

III.

Suſpiret: Eheu, ne rudis agminum
Sponſus laceſſat regius aſperum
Tactu leonem, quem cruenta
Per medias rapit ira cades.

IV.

Dulce & decorum eſt pro patria mori.
Mors & fugacem perſequitur virum:
Nec parcit imbellis juventæ
Poplitibus, timideque tergo.

II.

Him if ſome royal Dame behold
Advancing near the hoſtile Tow'rs,
Ah me! She'll cry, forbid, ye Pow'rs!
The King, my Lord, unus'd to Arms,
Shou'd urge, unfortunately bold,
Yon Lion, who the Plain alarms
With Rage and Slaughter uncontroul'd.

III.

When in our Country's Cauſe we fight,
What Glories on a Soldier wait!
How welcome is the Hero's Fate!
The Youth, who timorous wou'd retreat,
Shuns but in vain grim Death's quick Sight;
The Stripling at each Turn he'll meet,
Or overtake him in his Flight.

IV.

Patriots no vile Repulſes know;
They with unſully'd Honours ſhine,
Tho' Factions in their Fall combine:
The Rods and Axes of the Brave
To none but to themſelves they owe;
No popular Suffrages they crave;
To Virtue 'tis alone they bow.

V.

Virtus, repulsæ nescia sordidæ,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus:
Nec sumit aut ponit secures
Arbitrio popularis auræ.

VI.

Virtus, recludens immeritis mori
Cœlum, negata tentat iter via:
Cœtusque vulgareis & udum
Spernit humum fugiente pennâ.

VII.

Est & fideli tuta silentio
Merces. Vetabo, qui Cereris sacrum
Vulgarit arcanæ, sub iisdem
Sit trabibus, fragilemque mecum.

VIII.

Solvat Phaselum. Sæpe Diespiter
Neglectus incesto addidit integrum:
Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede pœna claudo.

V.

Virtue's a ſtrong and piercing Light,
That ope's a Paſſage through the Skies,
Deny'd and hid to vulgar Eyes:
She quits the dabbling Fowl that lye
In fenny Bogs, and Error's Night;
But those, who firmer Pinions try,
She guides to Heaven's immortal Height.

VI.

Valour and Wiſdom claim Reſpect:
Religion too demands your Care;
Whose Rites * with ſilent Awe revere.
Who ſacred Myſteries reveal,
Shou'd Judgments from the Gods expect:
With ſuch at Sea I'd fear to ſail,
Leſt guilty Commerce ſhou'd infect.

VII.

By Providence, ſeverely juſt,
Join'd in one common Ruin we,
The Pious oft and Impious ſee:
But Inſtances are very few

* *This refers to the myſterious Ceremonies practiſed in celebrating the Feaſts of* Ceres; *a Cuſtom derived from the* Greeks, *among whom to divulge thoſe Rites, was look upon as the higheſt Crime, and accordingly puniſhed with Death; and they who heard, were adjudged as guilty. See* Dacier.

Oft

Of Men abandon'd to their Luſt,
Whom Vengeance does not cloſe purſue,
And ſcatter them, as Wind the Duſt.

CANTATA.

Set ſeverally to MUSICK. *By Colonel* Blaithwayte, *Mrs.* Margaret Robiſon, *and Mr.* Green, *Organiſt of St.* Paul's.

RECITATIVO.

BEneath a Beech, as *Strephon* laid
Reclin'd on *Cloe*'s Breaſt,
She bluſh'd--- and thus the gentle Maid
Her tender Fear confeſt.

ARIET.

WAnton Shepherd! Prithee leave me;
You but court me, to deceive me.
Men, alas! are ſtill purſuing
Poor unhappy Women's Ruin.
Wanton Shepherd! Prithee leave me;
You but court me, to deceive me.

RECITA-

RECITATIVO.

THE Swain hung o'er the panting Fair,
With Rapture viewing ev'ry Feature:
Fondly he ſooth'd each riſing Care,
And thus addreſt the pretty Creature.

ARIET.

Cloe! I can ill diſſemble----
You may truſt my Heart and Eyes----
Lo! I languiſh, burn, and tremble----
Is this Nature or Diſguise?
But these Symptoms (tell me true)
Are, perhaps, unknown to you.

DUET.

AH! We neither can diſſemble.
We may truſt our Hearts and Eyes.
Lo! I languiſh, burn, and tremble,
Nature triumphs o'er Diſguise.

THE

The MYRTLE to a Lady.

Floridis velut enitens
Myrtus Aſia ramulis,
Quos Hamadryades Deæ
Ludicrum ſibi roſcido
Nutriunt humore. ——

Catull. Epithal. Juliæ & Manlii.

PHæbus the Laurell, *Bacchus* chose the Vine;
The tender Myrtle's *Venus'* Tree, and thine:
As her bright Charms adorn thy heav'nly Face,
So the ſame Enſigns ſhou'd thy Vot'ries Grace.
Each Morn thy Gift I place before my Sight,
And think of thee, the Giver, with Delight:
Then from the ſtreaming Urn I gently pour,
To cheer the Plant, a ſoft refreſhing Show'r.
But, happy he!
Who thus might daily, gazing on those Eyes,
Pour out ſweet Pleasure, and bleſt Sacrifice.
May, lovely Maid! each ſmiling Branch appear
With op'ning Bloom in each returning Year,

The

The Leaves unſully'd, as thy native Truth,
And fragrant as thy Beauty and thy Youth.

Cattullus ad Lesbiam.

VIvamus mea Lesbia, *atque amemus,*
Rumoreſque ſenium ſeveriorum
Omnes unius æſtimemus aſſis.
Soles *occidere, & redire poſſunt:*
Nobis cum ſemel occidit brevis Lux,
Nox *eſt perpetua una dormienda.*
Da mi baſia mille, deinde centum,
Dein mille altera, da ſecunda centum,
Deinde uſque altera mille, deinde centum:
Dein cum multa millia fecerimus,
Conturbabimus *illa, ne ſciamus,*
Aut ne quis malus invidere poſſit,
Cum tantum ſciat eſſe baſſiorum.

Imitated in Engliſh.

LET us, *Lesbia* love and play,
Careleſs what the grave Ones ſay.

This

This ev'ning Sun at Morn may riſe:
  But Life's ſhort tranſitory Light
Knows no new Dawn, to glad our Eyes:
  When once 'tis ſet, 'tis endleſs Night.

A thouſand Kiſſes, gentle Maid!
  An hundred thouſand thouſand more,
Give me, nor deareſt! be afraid,
  Leſt I grow Cloy'd, or thou grow Poor.

When they to ſuch a Sum amount,
  As numbers can't record, or Art,
We'll huddle up the long Account
  With one cloſe Kiſs from ev'ry part.

Let us, *Lesbia*, love and play,
Careleſs what the grave ones ſay.

* * * \

Ah Wretch profane! did you but know
The Bliſs in *Cloe*'s Arms I prove,
You'd own the Joys of Love below
Were earneſt of a Heav'n above.

ELEGY.

WHEN I cou'd boaſt the gentle happy Art,
That us'd to guide me to the female Heart.
In Joys I revel'd and in Rapture writ;
The Fair, who crown'd my Hopes, inſpir'd my Wit:
But ſince that Summer-fruit of Life is paſt;
(The ſweeteſt Fruits, alas! the ſhorteſt laſt)
Since her I held moſt dear, unjuſt I find;
Since Vows are Words o'course, and Sighs are Wind;
Adieu *Parnaſſus*, and the *Cyprian* Groves!
Farewel at once, the Muſes and the Loves!
Yet oh, by Fate, devoted to the Sex,
What ſoft Inquietudes my Soul perplex:
Whilſt gay *Belinda*'s ſparkling Eyes I view,
I feel my former Paſſion rage anew.
Tho' Beauty's wand'ring Lights too oft betray,
Led by thoſe Stars who wou'd not loſe their Way?

So

So charm'd th' Ingrate --- with ſuch a Grace ſhe
ſmil'd, ---
Ah! with what ease the Honeſt are beguil'd!
Down the ſmooth Tide of Tenderneſs I ſail'd.
Nor fear'd the faithleſs Rocks that lay conceal'd.
Thus ſhip-wreck'd Mariners reproach the Main,
Yet, tir'd on Shore, ſoon put to Sea again.
No treach'ries, no Defeats can warnings prove
To make me quit th' advent'rous cause of Love.
Sweet are his Toils, and pleaſing his Alarms;
Ev'n Death were welcome in *Belinda*'s Arms.

So the bold Warrior, tho' ſome hidden Mine
Foil'd his Attack, reſumes his brave Deſign;
Still bent the Rampart of the Foe to Reach,
Urges his Fate, and falls within the Breach.

The Weſtern Wonder.

WHEN ſprightly young *Colleton* firſt ſtruck my Eye,
She look'd like ſome Angel juſt dropt from the Sky:
The Church was the Place; and I lov'd, tho' 'twas *Lent*;
I may Faſt, and may Pray; but ne'er can repent.

Seeing

Seeing her in a Chaiſe, with a Cap and Feather, and Riding Habit.

SHE who but now as Love's bright Goddeſs ſhone,
In this Diſguiſe ſeems that arch Youth her Son.
And well ſhe does their diff'rent Emblems prove;
Her Eyes are Arrows, and her Heart's a Dove.
Bleſt Nymph! Who both the Godheads act with Eaſe;
Who wound like *Cupid*, and like *Venus* pleaſe.

To Miſs COLLETON, *playing on the* Spinet.

WHen *Myra* ſung, and *Iſabella* play'd,
Two noble Bards their grateful Tribute paid:
The diſtant Names ſtill triumph over Time
In * *Waller*'s Verse, and *Granville*'s happy Rhyme:
Had either heard thy well-tun'd Spinet ſound,
Or ſeen those Eyes that do ſo ſweetly wound.

* *See the two celebrated Poems; one writ by Mr.* Waller *on Lady* Iſabella's *Playing on the Lute, the other by my Lord* Landsdown, *on* Myra's *Singing.*

The

The Poet's aided by the Lover's Flame,
As thine the Merit, thine had been the Fame.
But we no more a courtly *Waller* boaſt;
And *Granville* too in foreign Realms is loſt:
Nature did thee with ev'ry Charm befriend,
Fate grudg'd a Muſe that might thoſe Charms commend.
Thus *Alexander*'s Lot and thine are one,
Each conquer'd all, but cou'd be prais'd by none.

On her entring her Room.

SEE! See! She comes; with graceful Ease ſhe treads;
And all around a ſhining Glory ſpreads:
Officious *Cupids* ſwift; by Ways unſeen,
Advance like Harbingers before their Queen
And, of each fond Beholder's Heart poſſeſt.
Lodge ſome attendant Charm in ev'ry Breaſt.
Her Eyes, her Cheeks, her Lips, her Shape and Air
Love's Empire o'er her willing Captives ſhare;
Each ſmalleſt Feature might her Pow'r maintain,
And ev'ry Hair would weave a Lover's Chain.
Her diff'rent Beauties, diff'rent Men enthrall.
But, Oh! I feel th' united Force of all.
----*in me tota ruit* Venus.

Writ

Writ on a Glaſs, under her Name.

WHO on her outward Form alone wou'd look,
Seems but to read the Title of the Book:
Conſult her Soul; and Nature then, you'll find,
In a fair Volume bound a fairer Mind.

EPILOGUE *to the* SPARTAN DAME.

OUR Author's Muse a num'rous Iſſue boaſts,
And many of the Daughters have been Toaſts.
She who now laſt appears upon the Stage,
(The Hopes and Joy of his declining Age)
With modeſt Fears, a cens'ring World to ſhun,
Retir'd awhile, and liv'd conceal'd a Nun:
At length, releas'd from that Reſtraint, the Dame
Truſts to the Town her Fortune, and her Fame.
Abſence, and Time, have loſt her many Friends,
But this bright Circle makes her large Amends.
To you, fair Judges, ſhe ſubmits her Cauſe;
Nor doubts, if you approve, the Men's Applauſe.
Some ſullen formal Rogue perhaps may lour,
(Rebel to Female, as to Royal Pow'r)

But all the Gay, the Gallant, and the Great,
On Beauty's Standard with Ambition wait.
Glory in vain, where Love has had no Part:
The Poſt of Honour is a Woman's Heart.
Ev'n Chains are Ornaments, that you beſtow;
The more your Slaves, the prouder ſtill we grow.
Man, a rough Creature, ſavage form'd and rude,
By you to gentler Manners is ſubdu'd:
In the ſweet Habitude we grow refin'd,
And poliſh Strength with Elegance of Mind.
Our Sex may repreſent the bolder Pow'rs;
The Graces, Muses, and the Virtues, yours.

But ah! 'tis Pity, that for want of Care,
Madmen and Fops your Bounty ſometimes ſhare,
Wretches in Wit's Deſpight and Nature's born,
Beneath your Favour, nay, below your Scorn.
May poor *Celona*'s Wrongs a Warning prove,
And teach the Fair with Dignity to love.
Let Wealth ne'er tempt you to abandon Senſe,
Nor Knaves ſeduce you with their grave Pretence.
Be vile Profaneneſs ever in Disgrace,
And Vice abhor'd, as treacherous, and base.
Revere yourſelves; and, conſcious of your Charms,
Receive no Dæmon to an Angel's Arms.
Succeſs can then alone your Vows attend,
When Worth's the Motive, Conſtancy the End.

CATULLUS

CATULLUS ad Amicam FORMIANI.

SAlve, nec nimio, Puella, naſo,
Nec bello pede, nec nigris ocellis,
Nec longis digitis, nec ore ſicco,
Nec ſanè nimis elegante lingua,
Decoctoris amica Formiani.
Tenè Provincia narrat eſſe bellam?
Tecum Lesbia *noſtra comparatur?*
O ſæclum inſipiens, & inficetum!

Applied in *Engliſh.*

Adeſte Hendycaſyllabi!

THou dear Droll dowdy *Dandiprat,*
With Nose of Maſtiff, Eyes of Cat,
Fingers like Toes, Feet flat and long,
Wide driv'ling Mouth, and drawling Tongue.
Shall *Exon* Beaus thy Beauty boaſt
With *Colleton*'s my darling Toaſt?
Well! Mercies on thee, little Brute!
The Lovers and their Miſtreſs ſuit.

CORNELIUS GALLUS *Imitated. A* Lyrick.

MY Goddeſs, *Lydia*, heav'nly Fair!
As Lilly's ſweet, as ſoft as Air:
Let looſe thy Treſſes, ſpread thy Charms,
And to my Love give freſh Alarms.

II.

O let me gaze on thoſe bright Eyes;
Tho' ſacred Lightning from 'em flies:
Shew me that ſoft that modeſt Grace,
Which paints with Charming Red thy Face.

III.

Give me *Ambroſia* in a Kiſs,
That I may Rival *Jove* in Bliſs;
That I may mix my Soul with thine,
And make the Pleaſure all Divine.

IV.

O hide thy Bosom's killing White,
(The Milky-way is not ſo Bright;)
Leſt you my raviſh'd Soul oppreſs
With Beauty's Pomp, and ſweet Exceſs.

V.

V.

Why draw'ſt thou from the purple Flood
Of my kind Heart, the vital Blood?
Thou art all over endleſs Charms!
O take me, dying, to thy Arms.

A *SONG.*

MAY the Ambitious ever find
Succeſs in Crouds and Noise,
While gentle Love does fill my Mind
With ſilent real Joys.

II.

May Knaves and Fools grow Rich and Great,
And the World think 'em wiſe;
While I lye dying at her Feet,
And all the World deſpiſe.

III.

Let conquering Kings new Triumphs raiſe,
And melt in Court Delights:
Her Eyes can give much brighter Days,
Her Arms much ſofter Nights.

A SONG.

INſulting Beauty, you mispend
Those Frowns upon your Slave;
Your Scorn againſt ſuch Rebels bend,
Who dare with Confidence pretend,
That other Eyes their Hearts defend,
From all the Charms you have.

Your conqu'ring Eyes ſo partial are,
Or Mankind is ſo dull,
That while I languiſh in Despair,
Many proud ſenseleſs Hearts declare,
They find you not ſo killing Fair,
To wiſh you merciful.

They an inglorious Freedom boaſt;
I triumph in my Chain;
Nor am I unreveng'd, though loſt;
Nor you unpuniſh'd, though unjuſt,
When I alone, who love you moſt,
Am kill'd with your Disdain.

SOLILO-

SOLILOQUY. *Walking in a Church-Yard.*

HArd is the Lot ordain'd to Man by Fate,
Few are his Joys, and ſhort, alas! their Date!
All that can charm the Taſte, the Touch, or Eye--
Ev'n *Spring* ſhall fade, and *Colleton* muſt die.
Tormenting Thought! and yet in me how vain,
Who fear to loſe, what I can't hope to gain?

F I N I S.